SOMETHING TO BUCK YOU UP

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 23. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 10, 1909. ONE PENNY.

Highest Awards
10 Gold Medals for Excellence.

HARRY HALL

Established over 20 years.

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21=31, ELDON STREET, LIVERPOOL STREET, E.C.

21s. Gold Medal Riding Breeches.

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POLO BREECHES, 25/-

Oxford Leggings, in all Leathers, 16/6

"I am well pleased with the Breeches, Coat and Vest, the fit being perfect."—K. G. F., Westmeath.

Made from customers' own Measures.
PATTERNS POST FREE.

Jacket Suit (to measure) 50s.

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The Coat can be cut as illustrated, or with two, three, or four button front, to taste of wearer.

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Indigo Dye, Serges, Worsteds, Scotch Tweeds, Donegal Homespuns, etc., etc.

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Made from double texture fawn Paramatta.

Driving or wind straps on cuff. Sewn seams and edges. Guaranteed waterproof.

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Sample coat sent on receipt of covering amount, or Banker's or trade references.
Carriage paid U.K.

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For Rain or Shine.
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A distinctive, skirty, unlined Overcoat, with satin-lined sleeves. In showerproofed Covert Coatings.

RAINPROOF, POROUS & HYGIENIC.

The Ideal Light-weight Overcoat for SPRING, SUMMER & AUTUMN.

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Best Value & Style Ever Offered.

The Patronage of Gentlemen requiring a Tailor charging the lowest remunerative prices consistent with best goods and workmanship, and who guarantees perfect fitting garments of every description, is respectfully solicited.

VISITORS TO LONDON are invited to call and have record measures taken for Coats and Breeches, or can order and be *fitted same day.*

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Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Sole Agents, A. BURBRIDGE & CO., LTD., *Thanet House,* 231, *Strand, London.*

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

Philip. Cook M.D.

LADY POWELL ON "TATCHO."

Torr-Aluinn, Dunoon, N.B.

Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial, the falling off of hair having almost ceased, and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from "Tatcho." It is the nicest preparation for the hair, being Non-Oily and not perfumed as most lotions are.

Lady Powell

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

Jessica Sykes

COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E Perry Col Retd

COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

A Bacot-Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

Rita

COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

T. Wolfe Murray Commander R.N.

LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

4/6 Trial Bottle,

TATCHO.

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

The Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co

M. M.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 23. WEEK ENDING APRIL 10TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

THE MOTOR TROUBLE.

HOW CAN WE REMEDY MATTERS?

All sportsmen—barring the motorists—realise at motor-cars are a danger to everybody, serve purpose except to provide the lazy with a new nsation, and are an intolerable nuisance.

What can be done to purge the country of this rror? I humbly offer a suggestion.

Let the railway tracks be filled up between the ils and at the sides, till they resemble level ossings. This would not interfere with the nning of the trains, and would make it pos- ble for motor-cars also to use the track.

I propose that for a period of six months otorists should be absolutely forbidden to use e roads and should be compelled to keep to the ilway tracks.

They would then have some fine practice in odging express trains, and would have a taste those pleasant sensations which at present they estow so liberally upon cyclists and other users the high road

At the end of the six months all the motorists would have their nerves so thoroughly broken up that they would ever after be incapable of driving at a dangerous speed, and might then be safely allowed out upon the roads once more.

Trade in many country villages is suffering badly, for in the old days of driving and cycling people were in the habit of stopping in the villages for refreshment.

Now the motors have compelled many to give up their bicycles, their hacks, or their pony traps, and the occupants of the cars do not make up for the trade of those they have supplanted, for they will ride fifty miles without stopping.

It would be all very well to walk in a country road where there is no footpath if you knew that every motorist who came up from behind was courteous and competent and would give you elbow room, but you have unfortunately no such assurance, and from the time that you first hear the motor till the moment when you see it safely alongside you have to bring into use as much strenuous courage as would, under more romantic circumstances, win you the Victoria Cross.

There can be no question that the national courage has been thus increased by practice since the advent of the motor-car, but, strangely enough, I have never seen this claim to consideration advanced by the supporters of motoring.

To be serious, however, I think it would be perfectly just to forbid motorists to use country roads where there is no footpath.

An edging of turf may be no great protection, but it is better than nothing, and without it even the most courageous pedestrian is apt to feel uncomfortable unless he continually looks round to see how the oncoming car is progressing, and looking round so much gives you a crick in the neck and also makes the occupants of the motor-car laugh at you.

All of which things are unpleasant.

So are motors.

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E. P. LYALL.

CHEEK.

"If you had the courage of your ancestors," said Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., to a gathering of unemployed, "you would eat the people who live in the Squares." In fact, he meant make a square meal off them, but wouldn't digestions have been an even more appropriate word than courage?

* * * * * * *

Suggested crest for Mr. Horatio Bottomley: A downy bird, crowing.

* * * * * * *

A Dreadnought: the man who requests a lady to remove her matinée hat.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Selfridge is such a philanthropist (see large bills) that in future he is to be known as Un-selfridge.

* * * * * * *

"Let the Germans build fleets by the score, I am not afraid of them," says Professor Arnold Lupton, M.P. Perhaps the Trustees of Mr. Carnegie's Heroes' Fund will take note.

* * * * * * *

We understand that the only thing that saves us from immediate invasion by Germany is Teutonic dread of Professor Lupton.

* * * * * * *

A Gaiety girl has been robbed of £1,500 worth of jewellery. A well-known actress, who has played and is still more than competent to play leading rôles in the highest drama was recently obliged to apply to a theatrical charity for assistance.

* * * * * * *

The Germans won't promise not to threaten our naval supremacy, but they "don't intend to." There is a certain place where good intentions go to, and we heartily consign Germany's pacific "intentions" to it. Also those who believe in them.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Bottomley says that "Justice is a misnomer and a farce." We are not sure that he has chosen just the right moment to call attention to the shortcomings of our judicial system.

* * * * * * *

Rule Germania! Germania rules the waves! Deutschers ever ever will be knaves.

* * * * * * *

A ladies' paper informs us that "Women would be nothing without their gowns, incapable of attracting the most superficial attention." We wonder, do they want a new sub-editor on that journal.

* * * * * * *

A ladies' paper makes a good deal of fuss about the "disappearing waist line." We understand that an expedition is being fitted out to find Mr. Taft's.

* * * * * * *

They call them the "Little Knaveyites" now.

* * * * * * *

"I was just as clever then as I am now; only my audiences were more dense," says much-belauded Harry Lauder. Gude gie us a guid conceit o' oorsels!

NORMAN FRASER.

LEG COVERINGS.

WHICH ARE THE BEST?

There are few humorists who have not at some time or other had a whack at the abominable trouser.

It is certainly not a thing of beauty, even in its first newness, while after a very little wear it becomes the most unsightly garment that man could have devised to cover his nether limbs.

One cannot walk with any comfort, at any rate in the open country, in long trousers, for they cling about the ankles, and are as difficult to get clean again, as they are well-adapted for picking up mud.

Yet there is one garment even less beautiful, and that is the monstrosity usually known as "golf knickerbockers." They are the same width all the way down, and look like a pair of burlesque trousers cut off short for no particular reason. You can only wear stockings with them and these will harbour dust, and allow it to find its way through them to the skin.

No, for comfort and appearance, breeches are the only wear—tight-fitting at the knees and full at the thighs, giving bulk to a man's figure at the right place and not spoiling what pretence to physical beauty he may possess, as looser leg coverings inevitably do.

The question is, however, what to wear by way of "continuations" to cover most serviceably the lower part of the leg.

Stockings are dust traps and the only alternatives are leggings and puttees.

The puttee is unequalled as a support for the leg, hence its adoption for the use of our armies on the march and in the field. Also there is no trouble about its fitting, and after a very little practice it is easily put on. It is apt, however, to be a trifle hot.

If you prefer leggings, the great thing is to see that they fit well. Try them on, therefore, with the breeches you intend to wear with them.

The leather should be as smooth as possible, whether black or brown, for this will not retain the dust and is easy to clean—a flap with the cap or handkerchief will remove all sign of dust. Pigskin, on the other hand, soon becomes speckled, as the little holes in it are filled with dirt and polish.

The fastening is another point which must be well considered. Spring fastenings are best avoided, at any rate if you want your leggings for riding, as they are apt to come undone at the ankle.

Buttons down the front look well, and do not take so long to fasten up as some would have us believe.

What are commonly known as "puttee leggings" have the slight draw-back that the straps are liable to stretch, but this is easily overcome by boring new holes. Be very careful, however, to see that the two sides of the leggings meet.

For a young man, the unpardonable enormity is to wear spats. It is just one of those things that is "never done." They are only tolerable when worn in dirty weather simply for warmth.

PAT BROOKES.

THE COST of KEEPING a HORSE.

THE EXPENSE IS FAIRLY HEAVY, BUT THE HORSE IS WELL WORTH IT.

There is money in the bank, and a surplus on the weekly budget. Of sporting tastes, though so far you have had small opportunity of gratifying them, you have always longed to keep a horse, and now the time seems to have arrived for the realisation of this long-cherished ambition.

But you are a prudent man; you don't want to run yourself in for more than you can afford; you are very far from being a Rothschild; in short, you want to know what it will cost you to keep a single horse.

Well, there are two ways of keeping a horse: if you are a townsman perhaps the simplest plan is to keep him at a livery stable. This will save you a lot of trouble, anxiety, and responsibility.

YOURS, AND YET NOT YOURS.

On the other hand, the livery-stabled horse never seems really to belong to you, and you have to pay for the privilege of having all trouble taken off your shoulders.

It will cost you on an average 25s. a week to keep a horse at a livery stable; keeping him yourself you should be able to do it for about half of that—just how much less depends on whether you go the right or the wrong way to work.

I will assume that you have bought your horse (I heartily hope that your guardian angel was on hand when you did), saddlery, harness, and the necessary brushes and so forth. The first question is, are you going to keep a groom or not?

Unless you have plenty of spare time, and have been brought up with horses, I don't see how you are going to avoid doing so.

A groom's wages naturally depend on the groom. Possibly you know of some boy who is fond of horses and who will rub your mount down and clean the stable daily for as little as half-a-crown a week. He will be working in his spare time, and you will not have to provide him with food or clothes.

SECRETS OF CHEAP BUYING.

Now we come to the horse's actual keep, and the best advice I can give you is to pay cash and to buy in bulk.

The principal items in your horse's keep will be oats, hay, straw, and bran.

Oats will run you from 17s. to 20s. the quarter or two sacks. It is true economy to buy the best British oats, for your horse will do twice as well on half the quantity that he would require of inferior Russian oats.

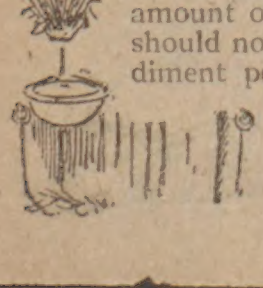
Weight is the best test of oats, and I repeat you will save money by getting the best, and getting at least a quarter at a time.

Hay will run you £3 10s. 0d. to £3 12s. 0d. a load of 36 truss, and again you will save by buying by the load. Incidentally, it will pay you to buy a chaff cutting machine and cut your own chaff. Bought chaff is seldom satisfactory.

Straw varies from 32s. to 36s. a load of 36 truss. As before, buy by the load and pay a fair price.

A bran mash once a week will go a long way towards keeping your horse fit, and bran will cost you 12s. a cwt.

There are, of course, many incidental expenses in the keep of a horse. You want a certain amount of horse medicine, though for a start I should not bother to get more than 1 lb. of condiment powders, which you can get from any chemist for a "bob."



Then an occasional feed of stewed linseed is excellent for horses, while swedes make an agreeable and beneficial change in their diet.

Now let us see if we can arrive at the approximate weekly cost of keeping a horse. The figures can only be approximate, for naturally what your horse will eat and the amount will vary with the time of year, the work he is doing, and his condition. But on a fair average your horse will want every week:

	£	s.	d.
2 bushels of oats at 20s. a quarter ...	0	5	0
1 truss of hay at 2s. a truss	0	2	0
2 trusses of straw at 1s. a truss	0	2	0
A cwt. of bran should last you a long time and the weekly cost may be put at ...	0	0	3
Sundries are, of course, an elastic item, but we may put them at about ...	0	0	9
Groom's wages	0	2	6
	£0	12	6

I have tried to strike in this table a sort of weekly average. In the summer you will be able to put your horse out to grass at about half-a-crown a week, when, of course, his fodder bill comes almost to vanishing point. On the other hand, when he is to be altogether stable-fed, you will have to allow him a little more than the quantities I have mentioned.

GROOM TROUBLES.

Of course, there are other expenses, vet's. bills, if you have the misfortune to incur any, and so on, but with reasonable luck and care your horse should not cost you more than 12s. 6d. a week.

There is one thing I must point out. Unless you light upon a perfect "treasure" you will find it difficult to keep a groom if you do your own buying and stick to the prices and scale I have given. He will think you know too much, and he will see his perquisites vanishing into thin air.

On the other hand, if you let your groom run your stable he will declare that it is absolutely impossible to buy at the prices I have given, and so it will be, for the corn-chandler will have to add the groom's commission on to the fair market prices, or alternatively he will give you inferior quality and short measure.

DOING THE HORSE YOURSELF.

By engaging a boy, as I have suggested, you will dispense with most of the troubles connected with keeping a groom, and you will be saving money in more ways than one.

Besides this advantage, there will be the necessity for doing a good deal of the grooming yourself, and that is a very pleasant task to the man who loves horses.

You never get to know a horse so well as when you groom him yourself; and he gets to know you too and gathers the completest confidence in you.

Having this mutual confidence, being pals with your horse, makes for far greater enjoyment when you go out together than would be yours if someone else tended him.

There are many anxieties connected with keeping a horse, but there are also many joys and interests, and my little article will at least save you from being "had," or at all events from being "had" without knowing it, for a certain amount of extortion is almost inevitable in keeping a horse.

EDWARD HADDEN.

ETIQUETTE.

V. STAYING WITH PEOPLE.

To many men an invitation to spend a end or a longer period with friends is a of tribulation, more especially when the tion comes from people whom you do no intimately.

Certainly it is something of an ordea and stay with people you scarcely kn have for the time being to conform t habits and customs, and to be for a gre less period, so to speak, on show.

Modern custom will relieve you of wh once a great anxiety. Formerly a gu ceived an indefinite invitation, and it w him to bring his stay to a close, which much protesting on his part that he m much protesting on his host's part that h stay.

It was an awkward situation; there w danger of offending your friends by ap anxious to get away; there was the still danger of outstaying your welcome.

Nowadays, thank goodness, invitatio usually for a definite period, and furthe hostess in writing will generally men convenient train for you to arrive by. means that it is convenient not only to y to her, and you should if possible travel train she mentions.

If you cannot, or no train is given, w plying state when you will arrive, and a suitable hour. In nine cases out of t best time to arrive by is about an hour dinner. You can then proceed almost a to your room to remove the stains of trav dress for the evening and you do not in with or require any special meal.

To arrive very early in the morning, ve at night, or between the usual meal ho unforgivable, unless circumstances, su trains, make it unavoidable.

The ideal visitor is he who combines pendence with unselfishness. A guest be able to amuse himself, so as to lea host and hostess free to attend to their concerns or to other guests, but at the time he should be companionable and re take part in anything that is going on.

There is no harm, in fact it is true co in asking for what you want. For ex perhaps you like a cup of tea before rising for it, for as one who has the habit I that the deprivation of early tea will upse for the whole day.

On the other hand, don't smoke in you room unless you have been expressly to may, and if breakfast is fixed for nine o don't be down at eight, just because yo in the habit of getting up early.

It is for your hostess to suggest the ho retiring, and except for special reasons must not make a move before she does. however, rather applies to the ladies, men naturally meet for a final smoke an when the ladies have gone.

Tips when you are leaving are an agon question, and it is impossible to lay down general rule.

In ordinary cases you need only tip the who looks after your room, and the coach if there is one, who drives you to and from station.

The amount of the tip varies with the le of your stay and the services rendered, but a-crown to the coachman, and, for a visit, a similar amount to the maid should enough.

Let your hostess know the hour of your parture, and stick to it, again, if poss choosing a time that will not interfere meals or disturb the ordinary house routine.

On your return you should write at one your late hostess thanking her for her kind and hospitality. This note should be sent in two days at the latest, and the sooner i written the better for your reputation as a w

E. H. Hu

mannered man.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

...en an obscure great-uncle of George ...s died and left him untold wealth, he con... a benefit incidentally on George's friends. ...have "a little place in the country" is the ...y ambition of many men slaving in town, ...w are fortunate enough to realise it as ...e Terry did—that same George Terry who ...e justly notorious for appearing in the City ...l either in a Norfolk suit, or riding ...es and leggings. His friends at the bank ...o ask him whether he expected to shoot ...s in Lombard Street or draw a fox from ... Court.

...bore it all good humouredly, but did not ...o observe that the laugh was on his side ...the will of his great-uncle left him in a ...n to play the country gentleman with the ...f them.

...first outward and visible sign was his ...ase of the tumble-down old Diverton ...ge, which nestled in the heart of the best- ...d coverts in Norfolk. With characteristic ...ughness, George Terry had the place en... rebuilt, and asked us down for a private ...before the paint had dried on the brand ...gates that guarded the stately drive.

...particular party included Robertson from ...Fiddle Temple, and Vincent Dering, who ...ged the suburban branch of a bank when ...as not taking part in acting or rehearsing ...our theatricals.

...orge sent a smart turn-out to meet us at ...tation and did everything for us that be... a country gentlemen. Out of respect for ...warped and "towny" minds, he consented ...he in evening dress.

...e repast being excellent we were content ...him do all the talking he liked about his ...found plaything. The shooting, it seemed, ...excellent.

..."But we're awfully troubled by poachers," our ...half-boasted over the soup.

..."that's exactly as it should be, my dear ...ge," said Robertson, who could see that ...was rather proud of this fact. "No well- ...rved estate is complete without them, and ...e got a nice little hunting and shooting box ... Pity it's new, though."

...personally I prefer comfort and freedom ...draughts, to worm-eaten oak and crazy ...rs," the practical George remarked; "but I ...expect you chaps can guess it—there's ...thing missing, isn't there? Just think."

...smell of fresh varnish was fighting with ...savoury odour of the dinner. New and ...hed lights threw a soft glow on the table ...ath red shades.

..."I've got it!" exclaimed Dering after a ... "you're minus a ghost."

...orge nodded sadly.

..."thing," he added, "that no respectable ...try house should be without."

...ere had been some story, he went on, of a ...r lady who had strolled around the old ...t chamber with a dagger stuck uncomfort... ...in her heart, but with the room pulled down ...d she be expected to keep up her tenancy in ...ace furnished throughout by Garing and Willow?

"You must thank a merciful Providence for the poachers," I observed. "Really, you expect too much of a new place!"

At that moment, a plump red-cheeked serving-maid entered with the second course. She seemed extremely agitated and almost dropped the plate.

"Them poachers is about again, sir!" she announced as she put the plates down in front of Terry with a clatter. "I thought just now as I heered shootin' down by Lurcher's Spinney—an'—an'—I'm all of a tremble, sir!"

She certainly was. The soup tureen almost tilted into George's lap.

"Your nerves are bad, my girl," said George, with the air of a man who has been master of a house for twenty years. "Shooting? Pooh! I think Long Jim can deal with most poachers."

"Yes, sir, but I heered down the village that—that they mean to leave their mark on Jim for luggin' 'em before the magistrates last week."

The girl bustled out of the room.

"This is getting serious!" said George.

Then the unmistakable dull detonation of a sporting gun sounded from outside.

"Gad!" exclaimed George, springing to his feet. "The girl's right!" He seized a heavy stick, and we all followed his lead at a run along the luxurious corridor, through many swinging doors to the open at the back of the house. Our feet crunched on the gravel of the drive, and we cut over the lawn and jumped a low hedge into a lane.

Just then the moon rose and showed four gentlemen in evening dress, their coat-tails flying, making a dash for the Lurcher's Spinney, their slippered feet half sticking in the sludge down the grass-grown path.

Angry altercations from somewhere in the void were borne clearly to us on the light chilly breeze. We were nearing them now.

George led us over another fence into a leaf-strewn hollow through some wooded land.

Another shot—and then deep silence! We located the place and burst through the brushwood into a clearing.

Three men, silhouetted against the moonlight, were bending over a prostrate form.

"Lord! I ha' killed 'un!" said one.

Then they saw us, and taking to their heels, bolted off into the darkness.

George fell on his knees beside the man.

"Jim!" he said.

There was no answer. The old-fashioned green velveteen jacket was wet, sticky, and discoloured, over the breast pocket. We bore the inert mass as well as we might and laid It on a lounge in the Hall.

Robertson fetched four stiff glasses of brandy, which we gulped down.

"Lordy!" exclaimed George Terry, "I never thought it would come to this, but they hated him—hated him!"

Some unnatural spirit seemed to possess Dering.

"Damn it, man!" he said, "don't be so downhearted. Your country house is now complete—you've got your ghost!"

* * * * * * *

It was not until several days after the wretched affair that the shoot was held.

No amount of persuasion, however, could induce Vincent Dering, reduced almost to a nervous wreck, to as much as leave the house. Something seemed to have come over him since that never-to-be-forgotten night, and he buried himself entirely in reading his part in a forthcoming amateur production.

He had brought a heterogeneous collection of "props" down with him to make up the programme of the informal smoking concerts we held nightly to disperse the gloom that hung over us all.

Vincent Dering, on the morning of the drive, put his slippered feet on the mantelpiece, and observed that he had had enough of shooting for *his* simple needs. The report of a gun, he said, set his nerves on the quiver. George sarcastically suggested he should put more water in his whisky.

None of us went out on that ideal October morning with particularly light hearts, but we tried to lose ourselves as much as possible in the sport. The wood resounded to the echo of the guns and the bag was great.

The sun was low down in the sky when Vincent Dering suddenly appeared, running through the wood. He rushed up to George and me where we stood waiting for the birds to be driven over to us. He was hatless, his long hair blowing about in the wind, and one carpet slipper was half-trailing in the grass.

"I've seen it!" he cried breathlessly. "In the Lurcher's Spinney—that damned ghost of yours—in broad daylight, too. Must have been a fool to come that way——"

He panted and half-hung on my shoulder. There was evidently something very much the matter with Dering.

I observed that all respectable ghosts came out at night. I handed him my flask, while George adjured him not to "talk rot."

I left my gun and somehow managed to get him back to the house. He seemed calmed considerably when I left him comfortably installed in an arm-chair sinking into a doze—but I took the precaution to turn the key in the door.

When I returned to the woods the light was already failing and a red haze was deepening in the west, rising like fire above the trees.

Shooting was over for the day. George jokingly asked the man who carried my spare gun if he objected to walking to the house through Lurcher's Spinney. I had been careful to avoid this near way in conducting Dering home.

Twilight was turning into dusk when we approached the fatal spot.

My man, as superstitious as all his class, stuck uncommonly close to me. Suddenly he plucked my arm and pointed to the left. A tall figure in green velveteen, with a moleskin cap, was slouching through the wood, appearing now and then between the trees.

"Jim!" cried my gunbearer, and would have taken to his heels. George stopped him, and caught his arm in a muscular grip.

"You come with us, you fool," he said. "It's only some damned idiot playing the ghost!"

"And this is what upset the great Dering," he added contemptuously to me.

The figure still appeared at intervals in the clearing beyond the trees. It began to strike me as uncanny.

We broke through the brushwood, the teeth of my bearer chattering audibly. The man's back was turned to us.

Gad! It *was* Jim! It was darker now, but there was no mistaking the peculiar slouch of the right shoulder and the black, close-cropped hair. No man could have made himself Jim's six foot three!

I stopped involuntarily. George of the iron nerve approached the man and smacked him on the shoulder. It was at least a tangible ghost.

"What the devil are you doing in my preserves, sir?" he almost shouted.

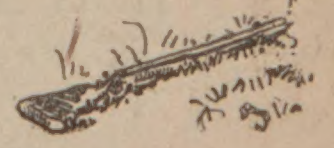
Then, as the man turned, George also started back. It was Jim in very truth, the great coarse features grown younger.

The man touched his hat respectfully.

"I'm Gamekeeper Jim's son," he said, "an' I be goin' tew the Grange to apply for the gamekeeper's job—but some'ow I ha' lost my way. I ha'n't been in these parts since I were a boy, sir, an' tha's mony a year ago now."

George grasped the younger Jim's hand heartily.

That is how Diverton Grange gained its ghost!



LEADERSHIP

IN WHAT LIES ITS ESSENCE?

Heredity certainly counts for much in leadership, but not for everything.

In his delightful play "The Admirable Crichton," Mr. J. M. Barrie shows us how, when an aristocratic family are cast away on a desert island, it is the butler, the man of common clay, the servant bred for years in servitude, who, social barriers removed, comes to his natural and rightful place as a born leader.

Many a man through accident of birth finds himself in the position of a leader, though devoid of any qualification for the post. Many a man, on the other hand, has every capacity for leadership, but never gets the chance of exercising it.

Every natural, healthy-minded boy or youth dreams of being a leader. His visions take shape according to his bent and individuality.

He sees himself, maybe, leading the forlorn hope, the cavalry charge, the desperate assault. He sees himself leading the House of Commons, men hanging rapt upon his words, the leader of a great party.

AMBITION.

He sees himself a pioneer in unknown lands, the leader of a North Pole expedition; a great counsel dominating judge and jury; a famous scientist, wresting the inmost secrets from Nature; a great preacher, swaying the souls of men—ah, golden dreams of youth that transport you from obscurity to the topmost pinnacle of fame, but mercifully never let you see the weary, rocky road that lies between.

Invertebrate creatures we must be indeed if we have never dreamed of leadership.

Yet how few achieve it, and still fewer, having won to leadership or having had it thrust upon them, can sustain the burden.

What are the qualities that make the successful leader? Courage, certainly, but not necessarily reckless courage.

When volunteers for some desperate enterprise are called for, the man who first steps forward is a leader in one sense. Yet he may be quite incapable of leading the others when the die is cast. Courage a leader must have, more especially in war, but it is a courage that is tempered with discretion.

Recklessly to expose yourself is not leadership. Men are not going to follow the leader who runs unnecessary risks. As General Sir Ian Hamilton recently pointed out, they will argue soundly: this man does not value his own life, therefore he is not likely to value our lives. He is a fool.

THE LEADER IN WAR—

Sir Redvers Buller was a man of superb personal courage, who would have faced and dared anything, yet perhaps he never showed himself so truly brave, so great as a leader, as when he declined to throw away his men's lives on the Tugela for the chance of a brilliant victory.

In short, the successful leader must show himself not only brave, but prudent, and thus inspire his men with the feeling that he will not ask them to run foolish risks.

He must also have their confidence in his ability to carry out anything he undertakes. He must know his job, and his men must know that he knows it. He must have been through the mill. So many men want to lead before they have learned to follow.

So far as leadership in war is concerned, we may say that the successful leader is the man who tempers valour with discretion, who is careful of himself and still more so of his men, who does not bite off more than he can chew, rather than the slapdash, dare-devil hero who stakes all upon a single throw with the odds heavily against him.

There are, however, more peaceful openings for leadership than the battlefield.

I daresay some of you will know what it is to have lived in a quiet village where nothing ever happened. And then a stranger came among you. Perhaps a new parson, or a doctor; maybe a young fellow starting in business, or a middle-aged one retiring from it, and, hey presto, the scene was changed.

Without being obtrusive or fussy in any way, he just took the village in his capable hands and "ran" it.

He bucked up the moribund cricket and football clubs, organised concerts, theatricals, entertainments of all kinds, started a pack of harriers, laid out golf links, brought life and action and fun into your sleepy midst.

—AND IN THE VILLAGE.

And you followed him quite unquestioningly.

You gave up going to sleep after dinner; you routed out your cricket bats and tennis racquets; you took to using that tenor voice once again; you woke up, but, unlike many people suddenly awakened, you were not resentful.

Your leader, being a good leader, had tact. While ever in the foreground, he appeared to keep himself in the background. He cozened you into the belief that it was you, your initiative, your enterprise, your sporting spirit, that was quickening the dead village, whereas it was he, the leader of men, who pulled the strings, you the puppet that danced.

With some men leadership is an instinct. If you are walking with them, they are always pressing a little way ahead. It is "Come on, old chap," or "Hurry up" when you are starting on some expedition great or small.

They are probably quite unconscious of this trait, it is natural to them to lead; they automatically step to the front, and they take the reins as a matter of course.

But however strong may be the instinct of leadership the successful leader is only made by experience.

It is responsibility that makes him, and the would-be leader must accept it.

PERSONAL SACRIFICE.

His life is not all tinsel and glory. He has to shoulder the responsibility not only of his own mistakes, but of the mistakes of others. He must often be prepared to sacrifice his own inclinations, his comfort, even his career for the common weal.

To the unthinking he seems to live in the limelight; in reality, he is always under the searchlight of public opinion. He often gets more kicks than ha'pence.

The youngster thinks men will follow him for the sake of his "beautiful eyes." He might lead a girls' school in that fashion, but men want sterner attractions in a leader.

A leader must be brave yet prudent; he must know not only his own job, but that of every man under him a little better than that man himself; his men's interests must be his, their lives, their comfort, the first consideration; he must have their entire confidence, and absolute confidence in himself—a vacillating leader soon communicates his hesitation to those under him; leader though he is, he must be ready at all times to subordinate himself for the common good, be he naval or military officer, M.F.H., captain of cricket or football team, or what not.

To many a leader seems a selfish person who collars all the good things going. As a matter of fact, the essence of successful leadership lies in the negation of self.

H. GRAY-REID.

SPORTING KINDLINES

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.—King

"The merciful man," we are told, "is ful to his beast," and this being so, we haps to be accounted the most mercifu on earth.

Certainly I do not think there is any where animals are treated with greater h and kindliness. Some well-meaning peo object, and point to what they call the cr various sports, but I am not going af "red herring."

So far as treatment of animals in gene domestic animals in particular, is conce claim that we are kinder than most natio certainly immeasurably superior to Con races.

No Briton who has ever travelled on t tinent can fail to have been shocked frightful cruelty the foreigner often sh his beast.

It disgusts and puzzles him. The savagery of a Spaniard to his horse or m him as inexplicable as it is revolting. not understand how any man worthy name can behave in such a way, an further puzzled by the fact that the anim turing foreigner may in some ways be good chap, a man of honour, a brave m

The fact is that the average Briton is a man, and the average foreigner is not.

There is something about an animal t peals to the Briton's sporting instincts. gin with, the beast, particularly the domes beast, is more or less at man's mercy. not defend itself, it cannot speak; therefo the sporting Briton, it must be well treat

The foreigner, on the other hand, despi brute for the very weakness that makes able to the Briton. The foreigner will jump hit a man when he is down, he will jump with both feet, and he regards the animal as a thing in his power and to be maltre such.

Its wrongs don't matter. Why

With the Briton it is different. Why race-course crowd execrate the jockey wh a beaten horse? It is not so much the t of the suffering of the animal that rous mob, as the rotten bad sportsmanship action, the taking an unfair advantage of less creature.

When a horse, or any other animal, with an accident from which recovery is less, the Briton's first thought is to put th beast out of its pain; the foreigner would lie, and die a thousand deaths before he raise a finger to help it.

Of course, all foreigners are not like th I fear, are all Britons kind to animal about the British sportsman there is an sphere of kindliness which is lacking in men.

Women, children and animals always and instinctively take to the sportsman, may be rough of manner, and hard of look they are not to be put off by the outer an haps unattractive husk. They see thro to the kernel of sporting kindliness.

They know they are safe with him, b their weakness and helplessness make a sistible appeal to his sporting nature.

The sportsman carries into his human tions the clean, manly spirit that he shows relations with animals.

He does kindly actions solely for the of doing them, and not from any u motive.

He would no more taken an unfair adva of a fellow-man than he would hunt or game in a close season.

He is kindly because he is a sportsma is a sportsman because he is a kindly ma

The spirit of sporting kindliness is one most delightful and invigorating of h qualities, and Britons may claim pre-emi to possess it, if only for the sporting and k way in which they treat animals.

T. W. Gar

JOYS OF SOLITUDE.

So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.—Coleridge.

Only one kind of solitude brings with it a ense of unrelieved gloom and misery. This is he solitude of a lonely man in the midst of a ty's streams of people and traffic.

This alone of all solitudes is unbearable, riving a man into all manner of excesses of he appetites, for often the only companion- hip a city offers to a strange or lonely man is hat which can be bought for money—and after- ards is greater wretchedness.

City solitudes strike terror into the heart ecause man has contrived to smother, eject, ar and bolt out, every sign of Nature.

Even the open sky is unseen by city millions. No long reaching plains draw the eye and the nind away from the streets and shops and offices where men are making money—the means by which life can be enjoyed.

But so many, having spent their strength in gathering the means, lose the power to enjoy hem. Their case is desperate. They have for- gotten what sort of tracks the great god Pan eaves, and cannot follow him; they are as hounds that know not the scent and cannot join the chase unless others lead, and when it comes to following another's lead half the sport of life dies out.

No, all of it. Their ears, hourly smitten with the rattle of machinery, do not hear the sweet appealing call of other solitudes. And so they hug the town, fearing lest the open world be- yond the radius should prove a desert, a no man's land, where outcast souls wail and lament their loneliness.

But in this very land they think so barren and so desolate, is found a deeper satisfaction, a calmer, clearer, saner answer to the riddle.

Life holds for me no finer moments than I spend upon the hill top.

Climbing step by step, and looking round as travellers will, to see how much I have accom- plished, "the worldly hope men set their hearts upon turns ashes."

The winds of heaven play around unhindered, the sense of isolation brings a keener sense of humour, and life loses all its terror.

Far below in the valley a tiny moving cloud of whiteness shows me where the railway runs. How insignificant it looks! No longer does it stand for the roaring torrent of activity, the agent and creator of innumerable cares. It has lost its power, and the train creeps meekly through the widespread country as though con- scious of its ugly mission.

Equal in delight are valley solitudes, where streams flow ceaselessly beneath the overhang- ing trees. Here lying at the edge I watch the fearsome dragon-fly flit up and down the pool, and listen as the waters bubble round the well washed tree roots, and frothy whirlpools circle where dead leaves have gathered.

I love to watch the trout, with head upstream, glide backward gently with the current, and then with half a quiver of his shiny tail make good his lost position.

Or watch until the water-hen puts out a cautious head from fresh green reeds, and, satis- fied that all is well, go smoothly on the surface to the farther bank, cocking his stumpy tail and croaking out his summons to a ready mate.

And care drops from me like a stone. The stream carries it away.

But solitude is most alluring on the borders of the pine wood when the day is dying and the wind makes plaintive music in the green firs.

Deep organ tones of passion boom forth at every greater gust, echoing the appetites of un- tamed man, the unconquerable spirit and the will and lust to live; a softer note is heard when first the wind begins to fail, a cry for help, a longing for companionship, a plea for light on life's impenetrable mystery; and as the winds pass on there seem to follow close upon them all the forlorn and desolated spirits that wail and cry in minor harmonies, unrestful, seeking peace and finding none.

Hammond Mills.

A STAB FROM BEHIND.

The old lady's face showed the utmost anxiety. Those who knew her put it down to the fact that her son was playing half-back in the home team, but, had they been a little more thought- ful, it might have struck them that old ladies do not become so wholly engrossed in a mere sporting event, even when their own progeny is taking part.

She tried to make her way through beneath the rails, but a policeman pushed her back. Then she shouted to the referee to speak with her a moment, but the referee was too busy. She appealed to the visiting goalkeeper who stood within ear-shot, but he was thinking of other things.

Presently the home team came down the field towards her, a fair number of them coming to grass, for the ground was in wickedly bad con- dition. The old lady took a long breath and waited till her son came within ear-shot. Then she voiced her message.

"Tom," she shouted, "when I was mending your pants yesterday I forgot to take out the needle and it's still there. If thou must fall, fall on thy face and not backwards!"

But like many another good piece of advice it came just a little too late, for at that moment Tom fell heavily, and backwards.

THE STRATAGEM.

There were a local preacher, a mother with an infant in her arms, a prim old maid, and enough other people to fill the carriage all but one seat.

Into that seat Grimshaw squeezed himself, for the train was very full.

As the engine began to exert itself again, the new-comer drew an ugly-looking clasp knife from his pocket, and began sharpening it on the sole of his boot.

The old maid edged a little closer to a young man who sat beside her, the mother clasped her child closer to her bosom, and the local preacher gazed at Grimshaw in astonishment.

"That is a very dangerous weapon, sir," said he. "Pray, put it out of sight."

Grimshaw rolled his eyes ominously, moved uneasily on his seat, grinned vacantly, and finally addressed the company.

"Forgive me," said Grimshaw. "I was allowing my mind to travel back to the time, some two years ago, when my brother killed three of his fellow passengers on this very line, and with this very knife. Homicidal mania runs in the family," he went on, sharpening the knife meditatively the while. "Poor Henry! He and I were alike in all our thoughts."

Just then the train drew up at a station, and, singularly enough, all the passengers in that compartment, except Grimshaw, found that it was their destination and scrambled out with great nimbleness.

Then Grimshaw lit a massive cigar.

"It's scandalous how few smoking carriages they run here," he said to himself. "If it hadn't been for my bump of ingenuity I don't know what I'd have done for a smoke."

THE ORDER OF THE COUGH-DROP.

FOURTH AWARD.

Hock und Lager! Guten morgen! Gesundheit! Proset! Wie geht's? Geh'n zum Teufel! Jawohl! Unberufen! Gewesen geworden sein. Womit, damit, Potsdam (these be comforting words!) Ach, so! Don- nerwetter, potztausend! Sauerkraut! Würst! Verboten!

We regret that a somewhat limited acquaint- ance with the German language prevents us from welcoming more eloquently to the

Most Elevated Order of the Cough-Drop

(Motto: It's cheek that does it)

its new Great Master and Principal Knight Grand (on the) Cross

THE KAISER

(Motto: Blessed are the peacemakers), upon whom we have bestowed this signal mark of respectful admiration.

Because:

He nearly got us on the hip.

But, as he might remember, there's many a slip twixt the Krupp and the R.I.P. (the British Navy).

He invented the saying: "Speech was given us to conceal our thoughts" (if he didn't, he ought to have).

Machiavelli was a mere child compared with him.

He loves us so.

He has given us the biggest fright we have had since the Bonaparte bogey.

Auf wiedersehen, your Majesty.

(Perhaps.)

THINGS SEEN.

IV. THE YOUNG MAN WHO YEARNED FOR UNIFORM.

It was Saturday night and the bar was crowded, but I found a vacant seat on the end of a form close up against the counter.

There were all the types of men that one ex- pects to find in such a house—honest workers having their glass and their talk after the day's toil, ardent amateur politicians, and a fair sprinkling of loafers.

But there was one outstanding figure. He was chatting with somebody in front and had his back towards me.

He had great shoulders on him, his hair was cut very short, and he had a fine neck. He was wearing a heavy overcoat, and there were two silver buttons on the band that fastened the back of it.

He flicked his cigarette ash down by the side of him and it landed on my leg. He noticed this, wheeled about and apologised; shortly afterwards his friend left and we began to chat.

It was a pleasure to listen to him and to watch him, for he was a splendid young fellow. Twenty-two he said he was, and finer made than most men of thirty-five.

The loadstone of his life had been a uniform, which explained the silver buttons on his over- coat; it was part of the outfit of the local fire brigade, of which he was a member and which he had joined just for the clothes.

I asked him why he did not join the Terri- torials. He told me he had already done so, and produced a card showing his shooting scores.

"But I'm going to chuck them," he said, "and be a regular Tommy. The uniform seems more the real thing when you *have* to wear it."

I met him in London, purely by chance, a month later. I should not have known him, for he was in Lancer's walking-out toggery, but he remembered me.

"I'm happy at last," he said.

"And the Territorials?" I asked. "Wasn't there any trouble about your leaving them?"

"Don't know," he said. "I never bothered much about rules; it was the uniform I wanted. I just bolted—and left no address."

G. Bulcraig.

SPRING CLEANING.

Take all your winter clothing into the garden or back yard, give it a thorough beating and brushing and put it carefully away.

Then set to work on your spring and summer wear, and shake that out and brush it.

"Spring clean" the inside of all boots.

Clear out papers, books and the usual accumulation of rubbish from all your drawers, storing what is valuable, and "losing" the rest.

Overhaul your bathing costume for holes, for there is nothing so dear to the moth, and also look to your summer sporting togs and "tools."

Overhaul your habits also, and plan out the necessary alterations for the warmer season—baths, exercise, hours, they may all need some revision.

Those pipes that are foul and reek of stale tobacco badly need a steam blast. Put the kettle on the hob, and put the bowl of each in turn on the spout.

Review last spring and summer. How were they good? How bad? Plan improvements for next year.

Lastly have a Turkish bath.

ATHLETIC TROPHIES.

There is no better means for a young man of adorning the walls of his room, than the trophies which he may have won at those athletic sports to which he devotes his leisure.

This may savour of swank, but it is only the jealous, who have tried and failed to obtain them, or the rotter who has not even tried, who would think of raising this objection.

If a man has toiled for—and perhaps paid heavily for—a football cap or some athletic badge, why should it be put away in a drawer, and never seen?

The proper place for a cap when not actually being worn, is on the wall, preferably above a group of the team, as a member of which you won it.

But besides the actual prizes and badges of prowess, the actual implements of many of our sports and pastimes might be used for decorative purposes far more than they are.

The rowing man who is fortunate enough to row in a successful boat for College or Club, and to win the oar he slaved at, has a trophy which will be a joy to him all his life. It is decidedly ornamental, and carries with it the happiest memories, besides reminding both the owner and his friends, when he is well on in years, that he was once something of an athlete.

Even the rifle of the Territorial—if he happens to keep it himself—or the hockey stick, cricket bat, gun or fishing rod need not be stacked up in a corner.

As ornaments they will prove a relief from the ordinary picture, and reflect the tastes of the owner of the room, which is what all ornaments and furniture should do.

A PRIVATE OFFICE OUTFIT.

The wise man, as has already been pointed out in The Modern Man, keeps his own soap and towel for use at the office.

But if he is really wise, he will do more than that. There are occasions when buttons come off, or unseemly rents are torn in the garments, and it is a great advantage to be able to repair the damage, at least temporarily, on the spot.

It is worth while, therefore, to keep in a drawer of your desk one of those useful articles known to women as a housewife, containing needles, cotton, thread, a pair of scissors, and—last but not least—some trouser buttons.

Another useful article is a small bottle of "liquid court plaster," which is sold under various names, but is usually only ordinary photographic collodion.

This is invaluable when you take a piece of skin off your hand, and, unless you can patch yourself up, you are bound to make a sanguinary mess of your papers.

Some plain notepaper is also a useful addition if your firm's is all stamped.

APPETITE.

One of the greatest blessings in this life is a healthy appetite.

Haven't you ever sat at table, unable to do more than "peck a bit," and watched some friend or stranger putting down a good hearty meal, and positively envied him? I know I have.

A good appetite is indeed a gift of the gods, but much may be done to cultivate it, by taking exercise, for instance, at the right time—before and not after a meal.

Even the busiest man can usually find time for a walk or a run before breakfast, or between work and his evening meal, or he can walk some little way for his lunch.

These are the things that produce an appetite.

The cold bath is another. Anyone who has tried it knows what a ravenous hunger can be cultivated by means of an ordinary cold bath before breakfast, or in the summer, by a swim at any hour of the day.

Moreover, if you are fortunate enough to have sufficient independence to be able to take your meals when you want them, and not merely when it is customary to have them, you have much to be thankful for.

THE HONEST GRIP.

When a man shakes hands with you he gives himself away.

The person who gives you a flabby handshake, leaves behind him a rotten impression—you want to wipe your hand on your trouser leg afterwards. It is not that he has merely made a mistake; he has actually betrayed himself, and is flabby and not worth bothering about.

People who shake hands on a level with their shoulders betray their affectation and effeminacy in such a way as to lose the respect of the real man.

On the other hand the man who gives you a fair hand grip, does more good with that simple action, than if he were to spend half-an-hour paying you verbal compliments.

The vigour of a hand-shake can go too far; some men catch you by the fingers before you have managed to get a proper grasp of their hand, and squeeze your joints together till you feel you would dearly like to kick them.

The right hand-shake is a fair honest one. Not too long, for it is only sweethearts that linger over this business. Just a fair honest shake with a little bit of muscle behind it, a frank, sunny but unassumed smile, and you have a man who is worth knowing.

A GUINEA FOR A PARAGRAPH.

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Send us something really fresh. We can't and won't use dull stuff.

Don't exceed 250 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style: we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned to the writers.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. D. Newcombe, 23, Cologne Street, Stepney, for "Spring Cleaning."

KEEPING A HORSE QUIET.

It is to some extent a gift to be able to manage a horse perfectly. He must feel that you are completely in sympathy with him and that you mean to have your own way.

You must employ quite as much tact in dealing with a horse, as in dealing with a man out of whom you are trying to get something.

But there are many little tips, of a more concrete nature, which the man who is accustomed to horses can give to the novice.

Some animals are actually vicious, and bite or kick upon little or no provocation. These are hopeless and the only thing to do is to tie their heads up if you want to enter their stall—and watch their heels.

The best tempered of horses, however, is liable to kick if alarmed—for instance, if you touch him suddenly in the stable, especially if he cannot see what you are doing.

If you want to touch a horse, in order to examine his hoof or some sore place, do not go straight for your goal, but pat him gently on the neck, and slide your hand down his back towards the place.

You can usually put a restive horse at his ease by patting him on the neck, so that he can see what you are doing, and speaking to him.

If, when you are driving, one of the reins gets under the horse's tail, it is safer not to attempt to jerk it free, and certainly not to pull upon it.

Try to stop him by word of mouth, and, having achieved this, dismount and unhitch the rein gently, patting him as you do it.

KEEPING THE HAIR TRIM.

As a hairdresser in a country town, I find that my customers often complain that their hair grows too quickly.

Although this is certainly to my advantage, I cannot see why they should complain, for it is a sure sign of good health.

To keep the hair short, as the sportsman usually likes to do, it should be cut at least once in three weeks, and once a fortnight is by no means too often.

"Have your hair cut little and often," is what the hairdresser usually tells you, but this is not merely in order to put money in his own pocket, for the hair is benefited by having the ends cut off.

If you want your hair to look its best, you should always go to the same man, who will soon get to know its peculiarities, and will make a much better job of it than a stranger.

PULLING YOURSELF OUT.

Everyone knows the object of pacing in a race on the running track or across country. The tired man finds energy left in him that he did not know of until he has it drawn from him by competition with a friend who is fresh and therefore capable of making greater pace.

The same thing can be done in many forms of sport, at least where pace is concerned.

To race a railway train or a motor car will extract from the cyclist a speed of which he little thought himself capable.

Again the man who is training for a walking race will do well to get a cyclist or a man on horseback to accompany him.

I know at least one walker who can, and frequently does, keep pace with a certain cob, and that not a slow one, on a drive of five miles along a main road.

The road, it is true, is a somewhat hilly one, but the walking is genuine heel-and-toe work without a suspicion of running.

The great thing is to pit yourself against something just a little quicker than yourself—it is no use if it is immeasurably superior.

It is much the same throughout life. The man with an ideal that he cannot hope to attain is much more likely to be a failure than the man who sets himself an ideal well within his reach. The latter has a means of pulling himself out, for the feeling that he is "up against" something that he can almost equal puts him on his mettle.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

KERNAHAN ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

The headquarters of "B" Squadron of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Imperial Yeomanry is an historic hotel at Brermouth, and it is in the oak-panelled banqueting-room that a select company of Yeomen sit down to a small but substantial dinner once a year. Although it is held to commemorate the anniversary of an event which might have altered history, yet no report gets into the papers, and those who dine behind the locked doors keep what passes as a Masonic secret.

When the day comes round, a letter bearing the arms of a Reigning House is addressed to the officer in command and contains a royal autographed note. After the dinner, this is read out aloud by the Colonel, while all but three men stand rigidly at attention.

The Colonel, raising a bumper of sparkling wine, gives the toast of those Three Men, and the company move their glasses in front of their lips after the manner of the sword salute. Then, having drained them, they snap the stems according to the prescribed regimental ritual.

It is Trooper Kernahan, blushingly conscious of the honour thrust upon him, who rises to reply.

* * * * * *

Looking back on that eventful time, Kernahan admits that it was Luck and the King of Saxe Hildersheim that made him what he terms a "tin pot hero for two minutes"—and this modesty is not unbecoming.

For some reason, quite unexplained, the young king of Saxe Hildersheim paid a visit to England—some said that the State of Saxe Hildersheim, in vulgar parlance, was "getting too hot for him," and seeing that his House had systematically and despotically oppressed the people for generations, the life of the last of a hated line would naturally be at a premium.

Therefore it behoved him to go out into the world and return with a wife and a better character.

He set about the task by yachting at Cowes and shooting over the best preserved estates in England—all to finish up with a week-end visit to Sandringham, and a little private and unofficial instruction into the correct method of governing a country—from One who Knew.

Whereupon, the King's Own received orders to supply an extra special escort for his Majesty of Saxe Hildersheim at Sandringham, and also a Guard of Honour to afford him all the ceremony due to his rank, on his arrival with his suite at Wolferton Station.

Staff-Sergeant-Major Brighton expended a busy week at Brermouth so that the picked men from "B" Squadron should be perfect in every detail.

Kernahan and the others threw themselves seriously into the dress and undress rehearsals, for they appreciated these little marks of Royal favour.

In the ruddy glow of a September sunset, the troop clattered along the white dusty road that leads from Hillington Station, by West Newton to Sandringham, and Trooper Kernahan breathed a blessing on Heinrich of Saxe Hildersheim, whose visit of the morrow had afforded him this glimpse of the King's homeland.

That evening, when the horses had been stabled and the men had disposed of an excellent repast, the Squadron roamed around the grounds very much at their own sweet will. Under the guidance of a well-tipped groom they crowded into the stables, and absorbed many interesting facts, after the manner of Cook's Tourists; but Kernahan sickened of the vulgar, British Museum treatment meted out to Sandringham, captured his friends, Troopers Shaw and Stephen, from the crowd, and together they embarked upon a private expedition of their own.

Now Kernahan was one who liked to reconnoitre with as little company as possible and out of the beaten track.

When they dived into the moonlit glories of Woodcock Woods, he lifted his voice in praise of Heinrich of Saxe Hildersheim, and the others acclaimed that young despot "a jolly good fellow"—a sentiment never expressed or felt by his Majesty's liege subjects.

II.

In mortal fear of the under-gamekeeper they crashed their way through the wood in the bars of moonlight that slanted through the trees. Here and there a pheasant, flushed from its perch, startled them, or a night bird called in the distance; little feet pattered over the leaves and tiny bright eyes shone momentarily in the darkness.

It was a fairyland on that perfect autumn evening, and the fragrance of the herbs and the briar was borne on the light warm breeze. They sat on a mossy bank to enjoy their pipes.

From somewhere in the void came the hoot of an owl, repeated in the distance. Then a crackling of the undergrowth near by.

"Never knew an owl to make a noise like that!" Shaw whispered, pocketing his pipe. With the caution of Red Indians the three sought the cover of an adjacent tree. Stephen, whose tender conscience somewhat pricked him, thought it was a keeper.

More crackling followed, and Kernahan, who had parted the leaves that screened his view by the side of the trunk, observed a slim young man in a light dustcoat and cap step out into the clearing, now brilliantly lit by the effulgence of the full moon that shone in the cloudless sky.

The man lit a cigarette, and seemed to be waiting for the advent of someone. He stole glances round on all sides. Kernahan and company felt slightly ashamed of their absurd caution, when the slight figure of a girl in white tripped lightly into the glade.

But they could hardly come out now, and cursed inwardly, for it was evident that they were to be witnesses of a sickly love scene. They could only pray that the couple would move on.

But the lady, it seemed, had slipped out of her father's house (she was evidently a daughter of one of the keepers) and could not stay long.

A few sentences not worth repeating passed between them.

Then said the young man in slightly accented English:

"And the King of Saxe Hildersheim arrives to-morrow?"

"Yes—Wolferton Station at twelve. You seem anxious to see your king. Can't you talk of anything else?" There was a note of reproach in her voice.

"Ah, but you see yours almost every day, little one." The girl laughed.

"But if I were in a foreign land I should go, oh, hundreds of miles to see *our* king, you know," she said.

"Well, I've come hundreds of miles to see Heinrich," the young man said grimly, "and now this cursed escort and the crowd will prevent me. If I could only get in the grounds——"

"No one will be allowed in the grounds to-morrow."

"Exactly. No one would be *allowed*, but you could let me in by the lodge gate——"

"Oh, I couldn't. There'd be an awful row ——"

"No one would know. So you're afraid? I thought——"

"Pooh! I'm not *afraid*——"

"Then you'll let me in?" The young man pounced on the chance swiftly. The girl paused a moment.

"Very well, but it must be at eight o'clock, and if you climb one of the lime trees near the Norwich Gate, you'll see everything. Now I hope you're satisfied," she added petulantly. "You and your king!"

He laughed and drew her to him. Trooper Stephen cursed. She was a comely girl.

"Ah, but I have only *one* king—since you came, Carl!" she said, bidding him good-bye in a manner disapproved by Trooper Stephen.

The girl ran off quickly through the glade in the path she had come. The young man with a chuckle to himself disappeared into the thicket.

"She has only one king!" Trooper Stephen remarked sarcastically as they left the sheltering cover of the big tree.

"Which is more than the State of Saxe Hildersheim will have, if that lady-killing foreigner gets into the grounds to-morrow!" Kernahan exclaimed. "Gentlemen, I think it now becomes our painful duty to follow that bargee!"

III.

They let their quarry get well ahead, for he was moving quite without caution, and, in a wood at night, the cracking of a dead twig goes off like a toy pistol.

The three Yeomen treated the matter strictly on a military footing, and made seemingly unnecessary detours to take full advantage of cover, which is the essence of all scouting operations.

Kernahan had swiftly opened the eyes of his friends to the possible sinister designs of a man who had "come hundreds of miles to see Heinrich."

Come what might, the three had decided that more than one gentleman would be in the vicinity of the lodge gate at eight o'clock in the morning.

The lady, in fact, should have an opportunity of accidentally meeting three tolerably handsome Yeomen of the "King's Own," taking their morning constitutional after "stables." Incidentally an alien young man would be asked to explain himself to "Captain" Kernahan—an officer with full powers once again.

In the meantime a little reconnoitring was not out of place. The man in the light coat seemed to be making his way towards the Lynn Gates, to the south of Sandringham House.

Suddenly he stopped—to light a cigarette. They were almost out of the wood, and the three had to drop smartly behind a fence. He seemed to be searching for a match, feeling in all his pockets. A gesture of satisfaction escaped him at last.

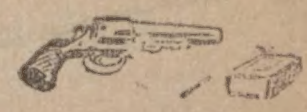
The three were not far from him, and they could see him tap one of the big patch pockets in his overcoat. Probably this was answered by the rattle of matches inside a box. He had to withdraw something to get at them.

"Good God!" exclaimed Stephen, as the rays of the bright moonlight gleamed on the barrel of a revolver.

"That proves it!" exclaimed Kernahan. "A little present for his beloved Heinrich. Fancy a real live anarchist in Norfolk."

"*Without* the Trilby hat and the Italian cloak," said Shaw, who considered himself a dramatic critic. "Personally, I prefer a man who dresses for his part."

Some new idea seemed to have struck the man, for he took a sharp turn to the right towards the front of the House and dived behind



a clump of shrubbery. He stole along softly, all unconscious of his pursuers keeping him in sight.

"This," remarked Kernahan, "is a little dress rehearsal." He smiled grimly.

A few minutes later his words were proved, for "Carl" struck into the main drive that leads from the Norwich Gates, and seemed to be dodging about among the famous double row of lofty limes that fringe the avenue.

It was when he had fixed on one tree apparently as suitable for his purpose of the morrow, that Kernahan thought fit to throw up all concealment.

The three swaggered up to him with a cheery "Good evening!"

"It is a damned nuisance," observed Kernahan, "but we are without matches."

"I cannot oblige you," said the foreigner uneasily.

"In that case," said Kernahan, "we must find them ourselves!"

Swiftly the three had toppled their man over, and while Shaw held his arms and Stephen his legs, Kernahan extracted both the matches and the revolver.

He ostentatiously lighted his pipe. "Carl, my boy," he said, "it's exactly a million to one against the King of Saxe Hildersheim beholding his most loyal subject to-morrow!"

* * * * * * *

That night "B" Squadron was called upon to supply an efficient but unnecessary guard for the weeping Carl, most faint-hearted of Anarchists, and on the morrow the King of Saxe Hildersheim passed, bowing and smiling to the salutations of the people on the Sandringham road, in safety.

At the afore-mentioned dinner, Kernahan modestly concludes his speech with the remark that "it's very nice of the King of Saxe Hildersheim to express his gratitude once a year—but we three are open to bet that Carl hadn't got the pluck to shoot!"

Which, after all, is a matter of opinion.

FIGHTING A HORSE.

It is a great pity that there should be any occasion for such an organisation as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The thorough sportsman is never cruel to an animal, because that would not be playing the game. There are times when the horseman feels some sort of vindictiveness towards his beast, and he is much inclined to "pay it out," but he restrains himself. After all, the horse is in his power, and to be unkind to it would be unsportsmanlike. He may be angry, but, being a sportsman, he curbs himself.

On the other hand there are occasions when it is necessary to fight a horse.

I have known horses—good ones in the right hands—that would play Old Harry with anyone who treated them on the kid-glove principle. Some horses are like some women; they want to feel that they have a man for a master.

I have encountered horses that would not go well or pleasantly unless you kept pulling them up hard and letting them feel your whip or your spurs. As soon as they saw that they had behind them or on them a man who could manage them, they settled down to work.

I don't think that the majority of such horses are bad or vicious. They don't mean any harm; they are simply pugnacious, like some people. They want to feel that they have conquered or to feel that they are conquered.

With such a horse you've got to fight it out, once at least, but more often periodically.

Fighting a horse is a different thing from being cruel to one. Cruelty is the infliction of unnecessary pain; the punishment which you bestow on a horse that has to be fought, on the other hand, is necessary, in fact essential unless the horse is to be master.

If your horse starts capering about, it may be only playfulness, but if he really means to fight let him have it. Fight him and see that you win; and don't harbour any malice when the battle is over.

W. IRONSIDE.

HOW SOLDIERS KEEP FIT

SOME SECRETS OF MILITARY TRAINING.

Our cavalry officers keep themselves up to the mark by the constant practice of polo, which may be described as hockey on horseback. It is not only an exciting amusement, but the finest drill as well, for it makes a man dexterous in the use of a weapon while keeping a firm seat in the saddle.

Another excellent means of maintaining the efficiency of our cavalry is the game of tent-pegging. A horseman at full speed tries to force a wooden tent-peg out of the ground with his lance.

Tilting at the ring is another favourite method of acquiring proficiency in the use of the lance for cavalrymen, while cutting the Turk's head, slicing the lemon and other games are useful for dragoons and hussars who specially need dexterity in sword-play.

General skill in horsemanship is acquired by the recruit in his early days. He has to take his mount over various prepared obstacles, including the terrible "piano" jump, and at the end of his course of instruction he can do pretty well anything on a horse.

The sports of our infantry are necessarily of a different nature. At the military tournament at the Agricultural Hall, you may have seen an infantryman with wire mask and padded breastplate fighting a dragoon or lancer, on horseback and likewise padded and masked; but such contests are only for show purposes. Infantrymen and cavalrymen do not intermingle to such an extent as to be able to play at such combats as a regular thing. No, the infantryman keeps himself fit by indulging in pretty much the same sort of games as the ordinary civilian. Cricket is the favourite pastime in summer, football in winter. Quoits, too, have their devotees among the infantry.

Italian cavalry have to ride down embankments sloped at an angle of forty-five degrees; and the Bersaglieri, who are picked men of the same army, distinguished by their marching powers, climb poles and ropes better than most professional performers, while the bicycle corps mount obstacles with their machines slung upon their backs.

The Cossacks—those splendid horsemen of the Russian Army—hold every year a snow-mound climbing contest. Gangs of peasants are employed to roll together huge balls of snow, and, in this way a huge mound of snow is built up to the height of forty feet. The summit of the mound is conical but the summit only. The sides are vertical to more than half their height. On the apex a flag is put up. Prizes are offered by the officers of the garrison and by the municipal authorities for the first man to gain the top of the mound, and every Cossack squadron sends its chosen horsemen to compete.

The competitors line up in front of the barracks, and, at the firing of a gun, ride like mad to the mound. Gaining it, they fling themselves from their saddles and try to clamber up the perpendicular walls of ice and hard snow. Gouging holes with their whip-handles for their fingers and toes, they struggle up and up. Down will tumble a man every other minute, sweeping away others below him. If two or more—which is very unlikely—clutch the flag-staff at the top simultaneously, they are pitted against each other in a final heat.

F. LYONS.

A COUNTRY EVENT.

AN IMPRESSION OF MARKET DAY.

Market day brings together in complete hap-hazard people of every class and calling. First upon the scene are the humblest of the rural men and women who set out from their remote village homes with laden baskets, converging from all directions upon the compact and thriving town. They are a sturdy lot, the women equally so with the men, for miles deter them not, nor do heavy burdens give them pause.

Hardly have they come to town than the roads are thronged with the gigs and traps and carts of the farmers and cattle dealers, sitting up in ruddy splendour behind their sturdy cobs.

Later on the local "quality" puts in a leisurely hour or so, touring in and out of the town in car, or spick-and-span tandem, or on horseback.

Every inn-yard resounds to the clatter of horses' hoofs as the farmers drive into their favourite hostelries.

The side-streets and byways fill up with vehicles of every description, from the squire's smart dogcart to the carrier's van; flocks and herds come bleating and lowing into the market spaces, the shouts of the drovers adding to the general excitement; buyers and sellers gather round the market stalls for the transaction of business in butter, eggs, poultry, and other luscious produce of the farms and fields.

The local auctioneer gets to work, and live stock changes owners with surprising rapidity. The whole town, filled with thrice its accustomed population, makes hay while the sun shines.

The approach of noon brings a slackening of activity, and when the weekly visit to the bank is over a general adjournment is made to the roomy inns where, with stupendous appetites and legitimate thirst, the "farmers' ordinary" brings repletion and contentment. Here the gossip of the countryside is shared and exchanged—some say it is even manufactured—amid much other talk of crops and cattle, of prices and prospects, and three o'clock finds the company still with much to say and the flowing bowl still on its rounds.

From this hour onwards the exodus begins. Stock that arrived with one master is driven out of the town by another; the carrier's van that arrived empty has filled up with parcels innumerable and with a few passengers who do not care to face the walk back to their villages. The ostlers, merry, whistling souls, are busy leading out and harnessing the rested horses; the farmer is paying his reckoning; and with the first shades of evening the town begins to assume its ordinary, every-day peace.

But the town is no sooner deserted by the business folk and farmers than the country sends a second army to fill and spread over it. From all around the young men, their work done, their wages taken, come pouring in.

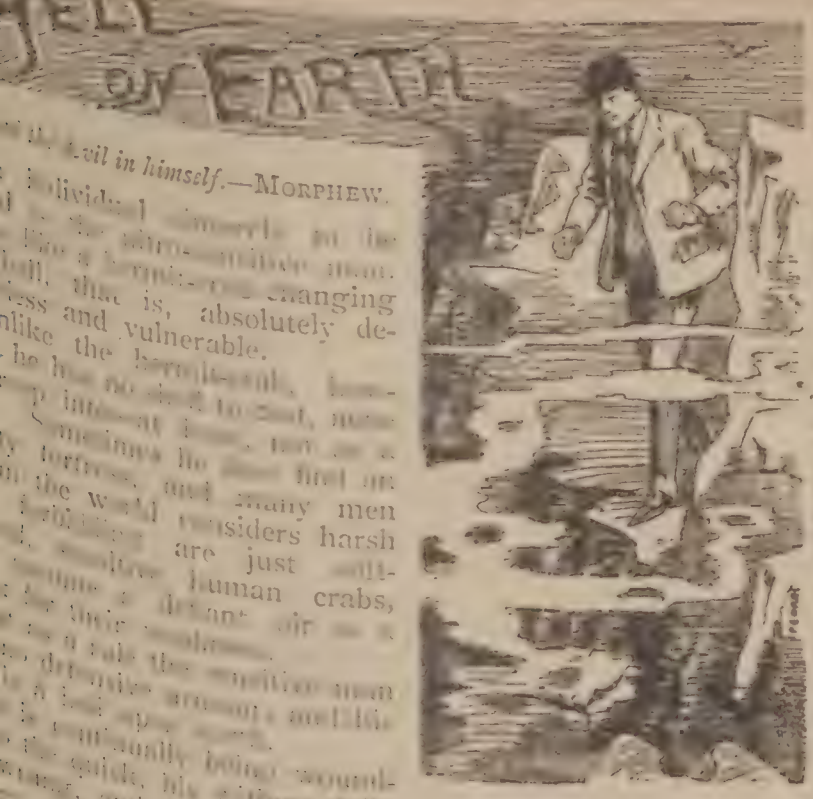
The aftermath of market day is for them a fair in miniature, and if a travelling circus should happen to be stopping for a night their cup of enjoyment is filled. They are simple folk, but they know good ale and are fond of a fight.

Their bright blue and red neckties and their broadcloth Sunday best are but an indifferent match for their bronzed faces and muscle-bound limbs, but what they lack in art they make up in naturalness and hearty good humour.

They have an eye for female comeliness, too, and can work hard to win a bonnie lass. In play as in work they show independence and virility, and as far as their scanty means and opportunities will allow, they have the courage to live up to the limit of their healthy appetites.

They feel the fascination of the town, and heighten its effect with good brown ale or golden cider. And at last when "houses" close and shops have put up shutters, they face the darkness cheerfully, and age-old country songs help them to beguile the weary homeward trudge.

SIDNEY MAYER.



...devil in himself.—MORPHEW.

...individual ... worries in the ... sensitive man. ... changing ... absolutely de... and vulnerable.

...like the ... he has no ... to feel, ... interest ... sometimes he ... fortress, and many men ... the world considers harsh ... are just ... human crabs, ... a desert or ... ... a rule the sensitive man ... emotionally being wounded ... inside, his ... and he has to suffer torments in ... but also often to be ... sensitiveness is frequently just ... consciousness. He imagines that ... circles round himself, and he reads ... most ordinary happenings of life special ... reference to himself.

...has a perfect genius for taking offence ... none is meant.

...hen he enters restaurant, smoking-room, ...awing-room, he imagines that everyone is ...ng at him and making fun of him. If he ...two people whispering, he is sure that he is ...subject of their colloquy.

...NIFYING PAIN.

...e ordinary pin-pricks of life are fiery sword-... to him; he is ever on the look-out for ...ts real or fancied, and he makes mountains ...holehills.

...shfulness is, of course, merely self-con...sness in excess, and while all sensitive men ...not sensitive, all bashful men are ultra-sen..., and the lives of both are a hell upon ...

* * * * * *

...ark his ... skin; the restless, ... the thin-lipped, down-drawn mouth, ... fault-finding air—the envious man. ... see others happy, successful, prosperous ...him with the torments of the damned, and ...life is a hell upon earth.

... ability, enterprise, it never ... to him for one moment that his failure ... himself. Socialism in some aspects is ... envy, a most ignoble envy, which takes ...n of wishing to drag everyone down to ...ialist's level, for he cannot bear the idea ... being better off than he.

...AND MALICE.

...e won't make any effort to climb; he squats ...r the Tree of Life, and gibbers and glowers, ... and snarls, and curses his fate be... the climbers won't drop the golden apples ...his venom-dripping mouth. Gall and worm... is to be pitied. He has no friends, for a ...rous appreciation of another's good fortune ...bilities is essential to friendship; he is the ... of a misfortune ... and he is shunned ... may be possible to ... impossible not to ... it is right and fit... existence should be a hell upon ...

...y is supposed to be th... ...my woman's sensi... ...ner to make much ado about ... But are there no men who worry? ...e are thousands, and with the increasing ...n of modern life the number increases ...

The worrier may just be a super-sensitive man, who worries over what people may be thinking or saying about him, when they are quite unconscious of his existence. Or he worries over some imaginary slight, some "double meaning" which none can see but himself, some imputation which was never meant.

Or again he may be almost undistinguishable from the envious person. He worries because other men are better off than himself, because his neighbour's children are better dressed than his, because Jones can take a month's holiday in the summer, while he must be content with a fortnight.

Your true worrier, however, is the man who meets trouble half-way, and more than half-way, who exaggerates the difficulties of the present and the future, and invariably anticipates the worst.

There is something to be said for him. It is right that a man who has others dependent on him should be anxious about their future, should anything happen to him, but he is a fool if he worries about it. Worrying won't help him to provide for them; rather will it sap his powers and energies until he becomes a useless, worrying nuisance.

WORRY AND COWARDICE.

The worrier is in some respects worse than the super-sensitive or envious man. They merely make themselves miserable; the worrier makes a hell upon earth not only of his own life, but of the lives of others.

One can pity him, but like the other types it is almost impossible not to despise him, for at heart he is a coward.

He runs to meet trouble, and then runs away from it. He looks at his difficulties through a telescope; a *man* looks at them through the wrong end of the telescope, or puts it to his "blind eye."

The worrier is more than a bit of a funkstick, and from him to the coward is an easy transition. The coward! Poor, poor devil, he is infinitely more to be pitied than scorned, for as a rule his weakness is utterly beyond his control. Hell is too mild a term for his wretched existence.

The coward may be of high or low degree. Many a coward is a sensitive, honourable, high-souled gentleman, born with an infernal and ineradicable physical defect.

THE FEAR OF DISCOVERY.

Consider his estate. He knows he is a coward, he knows in what estimation cowards are held, none could have a bitterer contempt for him than he himself; his spirit is high, but his flesh is jelly.

Over his head there hangs always the Damoclean sword of discovery; a runaway horse, a woman or child in danger, an insolent bounder, a burglar in the house, the thunder of cannon, a raging sea, a fire, any emergency—it may be great, it may be small—will betray him in his true colours.

Such a type of coward, one thinks, must either be deep down a very, very brave man—like the hero in Mr. A. E. W. Mason's brilliant novel, "The Four Feathers"—or the vilest of human creatures, when he clings to a life that must be the blackest hell on earth.

* * * * * * *

So far I have dealt with men who suffer more or less through their natures; I turn to the hell on earth that follows certain actions. In commenting on Lord Northland's part in the Stirling divorce case, the Judge remarked that he regarded Lord Northland as an honourable man, and therefore the fact that he had written a dishonourable letter (as the Judge described it) to Mrs. Stirling was all the more deadly against him, because an honourable man would not be guilty of such conduct, save under the influence of over-mastering passion.

The point is that an honourable man may be guilty of a dishonourable action, and the more honourable he is the greater is his punishment, more especially when his offence remains undiscovered.

If he is detected and exposed at once, he will face the music, purge his guilt, and in time regain his self-respect and that of his fellow-men.

But is there any one of us who has not a skeleton in his cupboard, and a "ghost" that gibbers at us in the silent watches of the night?

It may be a ruined girl, a Judas-sold friend, an actual offence against the law of the land, or some more trivial yet ugly episode of one kind or another.

THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

It is there, and ever-present is the fear that we may lose the key of the cupboard, that the "ghost" may speak to other ears than ours.

When the skeleton is very grim, when the ghost is very pitiful, life is a hell upon earth.

Many a seemingly inexplicable suicide may be traced to the dreadful pangs of remorse, the fear of exposure, the dread of dragging others near and dear to us down with us in our fall.

Unhappy the man who guards a dishonourable secret, doubly unhappy when it is shared by a blackmailer.

The law deals severely with the blackmailer, but not severely enough. He should be hanged every time. No man, however foul his deeds, deserves the torture that the blackmailer inflicts upon his victim.

Helpless as rabbit in snake's cage, as mouse between cat's paws, the wretched prey of the blackmailer touches the nethermost depths of hell.

And were his misery capable of addition, it would be increased by the knowledge that it is his own manliness that is at fault.

BLED.

Whatever his original folly it were mild compared with the insensate madness of once submitting to a blackmailing demand. We can pity the blackmailed, but we must blame him, too, for not taking the vile reptile by the throat and crushing the poisonous life out of it.

There are other terrestrial hells: the hell of an unhappy home, the hell of uncongenial work or surroundings, the hell of self-indulgence, the drunkard's hell, the green hell of jealousy, the hell of failure, or of fraudulent success—there are all sorts and conditions of hell on earth.

Sometimes it seems that the hell is made for us, that we are helpless, involuntary inhabitants thereof. That may be so, we can seldom choose our own ideal environment, but it is far more probable that we ourselves make of life a hell upon earth.

It is much easier to make it a little Paradise.

CHARLES WARD.

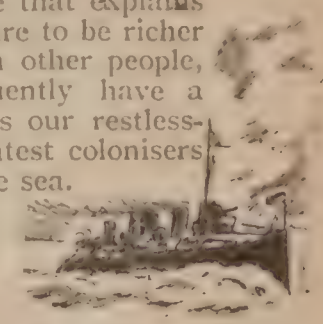
THE DESIRE FOR CHANGE.

We are the most discontented people on the face of the earth. The Americans, Germans and Dutch run us close, but we head the list.

In a French house you will not find nearly so many rooms as in an English house. The Frenchman does not change his clothes for dinner, he does not nurse his health so consistently, he does not require holidays so often.

The Latin peoples are content; we are constantly endeavouring to make ourselves content by change. We use one room at one time and another at another. We change our clothes in order as we say to feel fresher. We study our health because we always feel that we might be fitter than we are. Even the poorest of us are constantly organising little outings by way of change.

There are not wanting those who say that such craving for the new is a bad sign, but as a fact it is this desire for change that explains Britain's greatness. It is the desire to be richer that makes us work harder than other people, spend more money and consequently have a higher standard of comfort. It is our restlessness which has made us the greatest colonisers in the world, and the rulers of the sea.



WHERE MEN FORGATHER.

VI. THE ATHLETIC CLUB.

Athletic clubs, like athletes, are of high, middle, and low degree.

Some are veritable palaces of pleasure and sport, with luxury perhaps the first consideration. The members must have their French chef, their billiard and card-rooms, their spacious swimming pond, and baths of all kinds, from Turkish to shower; the entrance fee is stiff, and you must have the public-school and 'Varsity stamp on you to gain admission.

There you may see the very flower of English athletes past and present.

That fat, red-faced old gentleman there, who is heartily damning his partner because he failed to remember the thirteenth trump, can it be that he was once the amateur champion miler of England? Yes, it is so, though little would you think it.

That tall, powerful, splendid-looking fellow, do you know him? He is the greatest quarter-miler of the day.

That spare, middle-sized man with the greying hair could jump his own height, and a good many inches over, twenty years ago. That lissom youth is a 16 seconds dead hurdler.

ARISTOCRATIC CLUBS.

A great club this, but men belong to it for years who never even nod, much less speak to each other; on the whole, I find it a trifle depressing.

Then there is the middle-class athletic club, which is, perhaps, even more "cliquey" than its more fashionable rival.

The would-be member has to produce evidence as to social status, and it tolerates no outsiders. You will meet fine athletes there, but the atmosphere is rather snobbish.

Still any athletic club must have its good points, and there are rare good fellows to be met with in the upper and middle-class athletic clubs, if sometimes the true spirit of sportsmanship and comradeship is absent, or at least kept down.

The types of men vary according to the particular branch of athletics favoured by their club.

Your rowing man is, generally speaking, a more virile creature than your golfer; the footballer a more jovial person than the lawn-tennis player. Further, some sports require money in the pockets of their devotees, others are open to the humblest.

REAL SPORTSMEN.

And it is a very humble athletic club that I have in mind. Its members were working chaps, its aim cross-country running—the cheapest, most companionable, and, to my no doubt prejudiced mind, the finest and most enjoyable form of athletics.

I joined it when I was at college. Cross-country running was a sport that appealed very strongly to me, and at my particular 'Varsity we did not boast of a club devoted to this recreation. Therefore I wrote to the secretary of the local harriers club, asking if he would allow me to join or, at least, to train with them.

His reply was a cordial invitation to become a member, and I duly went through the formality of election.

I have belonged to many athletic clubs, but nowhere have I encountered such genuine sportsmanship and good feeling as I found in that little cross-country running club.

I was not of their class—I say this in all humbleness—I belonged to a higher social sphere, but my new comrades treated me as one of themselves, and made me feel at home, which after all was the truest and highest form of breeding. Our object was sport, and therefore what a man was, so long as he behaved like a sportsman, did not matter.

Naturally, we were mostly young, though two or three of us were verging on thirty.

One was a railway porter, another a postman—a bad 'un to beat he was—another a young stonemason, yet another a carpenter.

They worked hard by day, and gave their scanty leisure to sport.

Our "club" was one room at a local inn; our bath-house a shed, where we took it in turns to heave pails of water over each other; our refreshment a hunch of bread and cheese with a pot of good sound ale, with on great occasions a round of beef, after the night's or day's work was over.

HEALTH AND CLEANLINESS.

What struck me most about my comrades was their cleanliness; a cleanliness not only of body, but of mind.

In higher class athletic clubs I have heard much "blue" talk; in the unpretentious cross-country club I never heard a foul story, save once, and that was from the lips of a visitor, who seemed surprised when his tale fell flat.

Not that my mates were prigs; they could crack a joke, they enjoyed their beer, and lived their lives, but they were clean, healthy fellows, who never dabbled in dirtiness.

Ah! I wish I were back there once again, running through the lamp-lit streets, the alternate admiration and cheeky scorn of small boys, or careering across country, leaping hedges and ditches, falling into them, ploughing with sobbing breath and heaving lungs over the new-tilled fields, galloping down grassy slopes, panting up them, straining every nerve against my competitors, and yet in perfectly friendly rivalry.

A TOAST!

What matter who won, so long as it was the best man? That was our spirit. It is the spirit of many other such athletic clubs, of which little is known or heard.

These men are genuine sportsmen and athletes. Hard-worked all day, they might well be excused if they took their ease of an evening or a Saturday afternoon; but they give up their well-won hours of freedom for sport—that is, sport for sport's sake.

Gentlemen! I give you the toast of the working man's athletic club. Peter Gilchrist.

ARE MEN THE BRAVER?

A female lion-tamer once described her sensations to the writer. "During all the years I have worked amongst wild beasts," she said, "I have never known what it was to be afraid. In fact I fear nothing that walks—if it doesn't crawl."

Here we have in a nutshell the difference between the bravery of men and women. A mother will dash in front of an on-coming motor-car to rescue her child from danger, but, when it is all over, and she is standing on the pavement again, she will scream if she is told that there is a spider in her hair or an earwig on her dress.

A woman will nurse a sick dog with the utmost tenderness, but she is too much afraid even to touch it if its leg has been broken by a passing cart. All her high motives of duty and kindness melt before the ordeal of touching anything messy.

A man will bandage the dog's leg, not because he is braver, but because he lacks those dainty feelings. Where men and women meet on equal terms, it is impossible to say which have the greater courage.

CAMP TIPS.

FOR THE TERRITORIAL AT EASTER.

I write this that new Territorials may not suffer the fate of the young couple of Reading, "who discovered just after their wedding, that the home they had bought was a little bit short—and the thing that was short was [illegible] ding."

This year, I think I may safely prophesy, we see almost a revolution in the conduct of our annual trainings. Out in the field work will be harder and far more serious than ever before. Operations will be conducted with a fixed purpose and with a view to the possibilities of actual invasion.

Members of the Yeomanry regiments will find themselves called upon to polish up their horsemanship considerably and to be prepared to jump a country hurdle—instead of the regulation small one.

Cyclists and Infantry units will be subject to fatiguing route marches. In short, the Territorial Army is to be the Army of a Dream no longer.

Now, I have it from the lips of a senior officer of Yeomanry in the Eastern Command, that the authorities will especially see that you—the aspiring "Terrier"—shall do a full share of man's work outside. It is left to yourself to see after the comfort of your temporary home, your tent at the Camp.

Some units allow their members to make their own tenting arrangements among themselves, but if this is not the rule in your regiment, find out as soon as possible from the Sergeant-Major the names of the fellows tenting with you. Then call a "committee of ways and means," and decide several points.

For instance, a mirror is necessary to see small details of the toilet, but you don't want the tent filled with mirrors. Decide who shall bring it, and apply the same rule to the [illegible] for lighting the tent at night, the boot brush, the spirit stove, the coffee, the tin of biscuits, I may observe, as an old Yeoman, that I know the value of a cup of hot coffee at reveillé, when the canteen stuff is lukewarm, weak, and hard to obtain at that.

In the matter of stowing one's own personal effects I have found an old padlocked box most useful. Arrange it so that the box stands vertically, and have a couple of shelves in it, the bottom being reserved for your clothing. This box will hold everything necessary for you to take to camp, and any transport company will convey it for a shilling or so.

Have a place in the tent for everything.

Take as many pairs of socks as possible. You will find that a clean pair of socks put on at night after you have been on your feet all day will ease them and prevent soreness.

Another good tip is a sleeping bag. This may be made out of a linen sheet or a blanket strongly stitched up at the bottom and round the sides in the form of a sack. If you have, or are in the position to obtain, a waterproof driving rug, it will be as well to have this as a covering over your bed to keep out any rain that might drip through the canvas.

Before you go to camp, see that some campaigner teaches you how to fold up your cloak properly. Otherwise, when dark clouds threaten bad weather, and the order is given to carry cloaks on the saddle, the recruit finds himself in a muddle—because there is a certain way of doing it correctly.

Always have boots cleaned over night, and drill order uniform laid out ready to put on.

Finally, remember, when you are in camp, evenings, wherever you may be camping, that you are not merely Mr. Jack Jones, but Private Jones, of the —— Regiment, to which it is an honour to belong. Carry yourself as conscious of that honour, for any little [illegible] bursts of misbehaviour do not reflect, in the public eye, upon you personally, but upon the Regiment.

Gavin Cuthbert.

A Day over Dogs

A BREEZY OUTDOOR SKETCH.

He had accepted an invitation to shoot over a large freehold—just our two selves and the dogs—said my friend. There were some four-teen miles to drive, so it was necessary to start early.

Overnight everything is got ready, so as to avoid confusion in the morning. To make sure, the dogs are set to go off at five a.m.

Two dogs—two half-bred retrievers—one so small as to merit the name she bears, "Elf," the other generally spoken of as "The Bitch"—are given a run, and then fed.

At five sharp a high-wheeled dogcart is at the door, a good bed of straw at the back for the dogs, and a slashing mare in the shafts. It looks a bit eerie with the lamps alight. There is hoar frost on the grass by the roadside, but a couple of rugs keep one snug.

SUNRISE.

Inwards six o'clock the sun shows up; the tops of the hills look curious, wreathed as their bases are in mist.

As the light becomes better one sees now and again a covey of partridges [illegible]. They squat as we pass. A magpie crosses the road; rabbits are busy [illegible] the hedge-rows; grouse in plenty rise on all sides—their holiday has come.

[illegible] when we cross a burn [illegible] to the homestead, for the road is hilly, and we have to go slow pretty steadily.

Breakfast does not take long to see the mare made comfortable, and adjourn to the house for a peck of oatmeal and hours over the open moor give one a very considerable second appetite.

There is plenty to satisfy it on the table set before the huge open fireplace in the houseplace [illegible] as large as many a hall in more pretentious houses.

The dogs are [illegible] and we are soon off—a lad carrying for us to carry our hoped-for spoil. Mine host's spaniel, and my two dogs complete the party.

THE FIRST BLOOD.

It is decided to shoot round the edges of the moor, as snipe are generally to be found there.

The first shot comes from mine host; it is a right and left pheasant, and he crumples him up in workmanlike style.

Elf and Bitch give me a chance—he, too, is missed. No. 4 shot is big for snipe.

The dogs are steady, but the Elf is best on [illegible] they are at home to-day, and before we have finished the boundary five and a-half brace [illegible], together with some six rabbits.

We enter a wooded ghyll. Almost at once [illegible], and goes straight up through the [illegible].

[illegible] we cannot say—two shots and he is bagged. We never wait for a retriever, and it is seldom we both go for the same bird.

A few more are added to the bag, so we work [illegible], but at the far end the ghyll narrows, and we get outside it, one on either side, and some very pretty shooting is the result. The birds get up in twos and threes, and few go away.

A boy now brings us some lunch; this takes less than a quarter of a hour to discuss.

A quarter of a mile away a clump of dwarf firs growing in the middle of several acres of whins and old ling hold out promise of woodcock, and thither we turn our steps—on the way a covey of eight birds give us a chance, and three remain with us.

The whins and clumps of firs are carefully worked, and out of five cock flushed we get four, marking the other down. The Elf finds him, but it takes four barrels to add him to the bag.

On the edge of a beck there is a large sandy hill, riddled with rabbit holes. Three ferrets are put in, and some quick work follows—then they cease bolting and we leave the boy to dig for the almost certain kill.

WHILE WE WERE TALKING.

As we stand discussing the next move, a snipe gets up with his cry of scape-scape, and sure enough he does escape—the result of gossiping instead of looking after the business on hand.

By the time we have done another fence it is getting dusk. Some two fields off we hear some birds calling, and decide to try for a shot. My host accepts a couple of my No. 4, as it is doubtful if we shall get very near them.

The boy is sent home to say we'll be in in half an hour—he has found the ferrets—and we set off in quest of the little brown birds. They get up wild, but, thanks to the heavy shot, we get a brace. This closes the day's sport, except that I miss a rabbit as we make for the house.

Hardly have we washed, and seen that the dogs are comfortably bedded and fed, when into the houseplace comes a piping hot game pie, together with jugs of humming ale. Full justice is done to the lot, you may be sure. Baccy follows, and as we draw nearer the huge fireplace—almost as large as a modern bath-room—the day's events are discussed and compared with those of other days, for we are old sporting pals.

AFTER WORK.

After a bit we are called to the parlour for a little music, and a wee drop o' strong waters, but I remember that I've a longish solitary drive before me, so a move is made.

Mine host goes to the horse's head as we cross the moor track, and I walk with him. The dogs sleep in their straw bed behind.

Arrived at the cross road, we say good-bye, and I'm off on my fourteen mile drive. It's easier going on the homeward way—the few scattered houses which constitute moorland villages all seem shut for the night; peat-reek greets one's nostrils.

Nothing disturbs the monotony of the drive and I arrive safely home. A warm tub to prevent stiffness, a few pipes, and I am glad to turn in, requiring no rocking. Thus ends a very enjoyable day—plenty of hard walking, a fair bag, and good company.

H. L. LIDDELL.

SELL WHAT YOU DON'T WANT.

There are many things that a sportsman stores away—good things and useful to somebody, but they are useful to him no longer.

We can find you a customer for them.

Advertise all the things you don't want in our "Readers' Sale and Exchange" columns. The price you get will be useful for something else.

For all details see the third page of this week's cover.

THE GLORY OF BATHING.

The waves were rough, but I was strong.—PHILIPS.

One of the most glorious sensations which the man of spirit can experience in this life, is that of battling with an element.

The fighting instinct is strong in every man, even in these days of advanced civilisation, but here we have the desire not to take life, but to save it.

The fireman knows the joy of it, for he spends his life, and sometimes sacrifices it, in fighting the great destructive element in which no creature can live—save, of course, the mythical salamander.

But water is the element which is best fitted to afford to the ordinary man the glorious sensation of superiority to nature; and it is not only those that go down to the sea in ships that may experience this.

It is the swimmer who feels it at its fullest. The knowledge that he is forging his way with strong, sure strokes through an element which would engulf him were it not for his own prowess; the knowledge that he has it in his power in the hour of danger to save the life of his weaker brethren who may be struggling in its clutches—all this is as the breath of life to him.

Have you ever seen a man drowning?

I have, and it was not a pleasant sight by any means.

There were many of us, who were fair swimmers, within easy reach, but he was almost gone before any of us heard his cries.

After that I have never ceased to wonder that any who had the opportunity should refrain from learning to swim.

To be able to ride, to shoot and to swim—these are accomplishments without which the education of no young man is complete. And the greatest of these, as it is the most easily acquired, being within the reach of every man whatever his station, is to swim.

Is there anything more exhilarating, especially after a hard day's brain-work, or even as a refresher after strenuous physical exertion, than a bathe—preferably under the open sky, in river or sea, but anyhow in deep water, water that will engulf you if it can, so that by energy or skill you must frustrate it?

Children are often afraid of water; the idea of trusting themselves to a strange element terrifies them, and they feel as a man might feel on his first voyage in a balloon or an aeroplane. But the grown man who is afraid of water is not worth his salt; he is a coward, in that respect at least, though he may be the bravest of the brave on dry land.

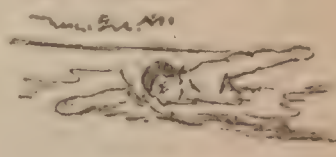
Is there anything on earth quite like the sensation of a high dive? The moments of delicious funk while you screw your courage to the sticking point, the rush through the air as you spring, the thrilling shock as the water parts beneath you, and the slow, long-drawn glide as you come to the surface again.

To take a header into the river after a hard row, just as you step from the boat, with clinging zephyr and shorts; to splash in the pool of a mountain stream after a long and dusty walk, with the ice-cold water sparkling and gurgling all about you from a miniature waterfall above; to battle with the surf on a sandy shore, when the sea is none too calm and the white horses break the illimitable expanse of grey-green ocean that stretches from you; to lie full length upon the sand or float upon the waters, and let the waves break over you—these are joys that none but those who have experienced them can know.

And those who have, will set them second to no game or sport under the sun. For here is a sport that a man can enjoy without the aid of any of his fellow-creatures, alone with Nature. He needs no implement or kit, he is dependent on nothing but himself, and he does harm to no living creature.

Truly a pastime in which a real man may well delight!

ALAN HAMER.



A MILITARY YARN.

RAGGING THE COLONEL

By "CHINSTRAP."

The subalterns of the "Pink Horse" did not love their Commanding Officer, Colonel John Dawnay. He was a hard man, a very hard man—not that his officers particularly objected to that trait in his character—men often like a martinet, provided he is just.

But Dawnay was a disagreeable man, with a rasping, sarcastic tongue, which he used freely, and men, especially young men, loathe sarcasm from an elder.

Moreover, Colonel Dawnay never tempered justice with mercy. He never overlooked a fault, never made allowances for youthful folly, never turned a "blind eye" to a momentary indiscretion.

And so, although Colonel Dawnay was unquestionably a fine soldier, he was cordially detested by all ranks, and, at the moment this story opens, he was, not for the first time by a long chalk, the subject of the angry thoughts and criticisms of those sworn friends, Viscount Coverdale, the Hon. Alan Macpherson, and Mr. "Tommy" Lascelles, subalterns of the "Pink Horse" and three as reckless, harum-scarum young devils as you would meet in the course of a long day's journey.

"Our match with the 'Purple Pompadours' on Saturday next, and he's gone and jugged our best bowler," said Lord Coverdale, who had annexed the only comfortable chair, the trinity having foregathered in Lascelles' quarters.

"And all for a rotten matter of a 'back-answer' to that pig, Sergeant Crosseye, who's enough to try the temper of a saint any time," said the Hon. Alan, from the bed, where he lay extended full-length.

"And he's stopped my leave, simply because my troop cash book wasn't entered up to date," chimed in Lascelles, who, being the host, had to be content with standing.

"Oh, he is a beast," said Coverdale.

"A regular out-and-outer," dutifully chorused Mr. Macpherson.

"Wish to goodness, he'd take a wife, and then we'd see less of him," said Tommy.

"What—marry? Not him," said the Viscount, with an aristocratic disregard of grammar, "I tell you no woman would marry him. It would be like living with an iceberg. He's a woman-hater. Believe some girl jilted him, before he was shoved in command of us from the 15th. No, we shan't get rid of him that way."

"By George!" ejaculated the hope and heir of the Earl of Sheringham, after a moment's silence. "Look here, you fellows, I've been thinking——"

"Mac, ring the bell, and order three large brandies and one small soda, Freddy's been thinking," interrupted the irrepressible Lascelles.

"Oh, chuck it," said his lordship, elegantly, "now listen to me," he continued, "we have all had just about enough of Colonel John Dawnay, and it's high time we got a bit of our own back. I vote we 'ragg' him."

"Oh, I say," said Lascelles, even he aghast at the thought of putting his Commanding Officer in a bath.

"Oh, of course, we can't really rag him," said the noble Freddy, "but I've got a plan—got the idea from a story I was reading the other day—now what is it Dawnay hates most on earth?"

"Thomas Lascelles," said that gentleman promptly.

"No," said Coverdale, "babies. Now, lend me your ears——" Here we must leave the conspirators, but judging by the shouts of laughter that followed, Coverdale's plan was a good one, and after a long sitting the party broke up.

"I'm thinking it will mean good-bye for us," said Mr. Macpherson, before they separated.

"I'm hanged if I care," said the pride of Sheringham truculently.

The next day Colonel Dawnay went on leave, as the confederates had calculated, and the following Sunday this advertisement appeared in a London Sunday newspaper:

"WANTED TO ADOPT: Army officer wishes to adopt an infant (female preferred). Apply personally with child, Col. D., Block A., Cavalry Barracks, Bleakhampton, between the hours of 6 and 8 p.m. Wednesday, the 27th inst. All expenses paid."

The newspaper was not one taken by the "Pink Horse" mess, and as a matter of fact none of Colonel Dawnay's friends "spotted" the advertisement, and he was therefore in complete ignorance of his impending fate, when returning from leave he drove into barracks about seven o'clock on the evening of the 27th.

Colonel Dawnay stepped out of his cab, and then for a moment even his iron nerve almost failed him.

Since early in the afternoon a mob of women carrying babies of well-nigh every size, colour, and description had been flowing towards the Colonel's quarters.

His servant had attempted to drive them off, but they met him with the advertisement, and he retired to the canteen and beer.

Such officers as there were in barracks shrewdly suspected a hoax, when inquiries revealed the position, but after all there was the advertisement; it might be genuine—Dawnay was a queer fish—and, anyway, if it were "spoof" they were not going to spoil sport for Dawnay's sake, cantankerous old brute.

Colonel Dawnay had fought at Abu Klea, and been in other tight corners in the course of his career, but never in a tighter corner than that in which he now found himself.

Bleakhampton was close to London, and literally hundreds of women, mainly from the slums, had answered the advertisement.

They fought round and for the Colonel, thrusting their squalling infants in his face, and begging him to note their offsprings' charms.

At last he shook himself free, and by sheer force cleared a space.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded sternly.

"Och, sure, y'r hanour," cried a brawny Irishwoman, "'tis the 'tisement in the paper. An' I've brought me youngest—the youngest of sivinteen, as I'm a livin' woman. Just look at him, colonel, dear. Did ye iver see a foiner babby in your loife, an' I'd cut me right hand off afore I'd part with 'um if it weren't that toimes are cruel bad. Just see the arrums he's got on um, an' the——"

"The advertisement! What advertisement?" said the Colonel, cutting short the flow of Hibernian eloquence.

"Why, sure, your hanour, the 'tisement in the paper. Here ut is," said the Irishwoman, suspicion dawning in her eyes.

Colonel Dawnay took the proffered newspaper, read the bogus advertisement, and his dark face flushed.

"You've been hoaxed. I know nothing of this," he said briefly.

A wail of anger and disappointment arose from the assembled women. "What about our expenses. It's a black shame. I'd like to get me 'ands on the cowardly scut that did this. A day's work lost——" These and other [illegible] filled the air.

The Colonel held up his hand for silence, such was the compelling power of his cold, eyes, his strong, set face that the t[illegible] ceased.

"Ladies," he said, "you have been the victims of a most blackguardly hoax, and, if it will be any satisfaction to you, you may rest assured that the perpetrators shall pay dearly for their fun. In the meantime, if you will kindly allow me to pass to my quarters, I will make arrangements to reimburse any expence you have been put to."

The Colonel entered his quarters, summoned his servant, who had at last torn himself from the canteen, and giving him a bag of money, said: "Pay these women off, Johnson, and get rid of them."

Colonel Dawnay's always grim face, was very, very grim indeed when half an hour later, dressed for mess, he left his quarters.

As he crossed the passage, a figure loomed up out of the half-light, and he dimly saw before him a tall, pale, beautiful woman holding an infant in her arms.

"My good woman," he began, "[illegible] servant——" and then he fell back with a startled incredulous cry of "Margaret!"

"Yes," said the woman, and then went on impulsively: "Oh, Jack, I heard it was a stupid, practical joke. I feared it might be from the first—but felt I must speak to you, if only this once——"

"But—but—I don't quite understand," said Colonel Dawnay, passing his hand across his brow, "the child—yours?"

"Yes, mine. I married him—you know whom. He is dead now. Oh, Jack, it was a trick, a cruel trick—he confessed it. I thought you [illegible]——"

"But the child?" said the Colonel, "[illegible] you won't give him——" and then he noticed that his visitor was poorly clad.

"He left me penniless," she said, "and I wanted the boy to be a soldier like you, so I thought perhaps——"

She stopped, and raised her eyes to his.

"I will adopt him," said Colonel Dawnay, "on one condition."

"Yes?"

"That I adopt the mother also. Margaret, my heart is alive once more. Will you be my wife?"

And her happy tears as he took her in his arms were answer enough.

* * * * * *

A little later a [illegible] waiter presented Colonel Dawnay's compliments to Viscount Coverdale, Mr. Alan Macpherson, and Mr. "Tommy" Lascelles, together with the information that Colonel Dawnay would be glad to see them in his quarters.

Prepared for the worst they entered the Colonel's room, and then stood transfixed with amazement. It was not the table gleaming with silver and laden with the remains of a dainty repast for two that claimed their attention, nor yet the tall, beautiful woman they saw before them. What held them spell-bound was the sight of Colonel Dawnay, Dawnay the woman- and child-hater, the hard, implacable man kneeling by, and playing with, a crowing infant lying on the sofa.

Colonel Dawnay rose as they entered. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have reason to believe that you were responsible for a practical joke that was played on me this afternoon."

The culprits silently admitted their guilt.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "I do not think that your conduct was anything to be proud of. But I have determined to [illegible] forgive it. Unwittingly you have done me the best of turns. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to my future wife. And now I hope you will join me in a glass of wine before you take Mrs. Stanhope to her hotel."

Colonel Dawnay lived to be the most popular C.O. the "Pink Horse" ever had.

INES FROM THE WOOD.

Mr. Wood absolutely refuses to fill in the features of victims, or to indicate their identity in his accompanying article.—Ed.]

MY THIRD VICTIM.

to meet an editor by appointment and then to be
l to the MAN—for I had never seen him.
very foggy and very cold, and passing a pale-
ious-looking clock, I cussed myself for being too
it was Saturday and the city; and what is a worse
n the city at three o'clock on a Saturday?
gh the fog loomed many faces, some pink, some
e very dirty. But presently I happened upon one
nk, pale nor grimy, but of the yellowish brown that
sun-baking in warmer climes.
the opportunity offered me and began:
se me——"
," said he, wheeling me by the shoulder from
of the fog.
I gasped was of no importance, for the wire
the cork flew and the soda sparkled.
se me," said I, "do you know who I am?"
said he.
old him.
r I told you of came in silently, so as
formally introduced us.
the MAN, impressively placing three
ulder, "will be a great thing."
ve been so, but the weight of the great idea
and the newspaper groaned and cracked under
e man and I drifted asunder to meet in almost the
spot in another yellow fog.
should know whereof he writes and, as in horse-
ld know something about the thing on which
his money, and so it was that this MAN once
to sneer at and underestimate the weight of a
blow he witnessed when the pug was sparring
trainer.
MAN, who had money interested in the pug, put
iner's gloves and took his place to prove the futility
knock out.
opened his eyes and told in reply to the trainer's
that he felt all right bar a mound on the
ead, he asked, pointing towards a large hole
atchboarding of the room, the cause thereof.
," replied the pug, a seraphic smile flitting over his
ly the result of the knock-out blow
the back of yer blooming 'ead!"
candid nature of the MAN that he tells

he same child-like love of truth did he in my pre-
ve that a one-time enemy of ours was not as bad
ress painted him.
n it," said he, pointing out various ravines and
ed through his system by Boer bullets, "I
know. Jolly good chaps!"
e of these striking proofs of the enemy's kindness
no room for contradiction to the MAN'S state-
a hush settled over that particular section of

from the above-mentioned love of truth and a
ity, I think economy is his strongest feature.
quickly to my place in a hansom on urgent
and while talking for three or four hours he has
d the strength of the waiting cab horse for the
iod of time.
the cabman didn't mind.
itten under stress that which has stirred the
d somehow at the back of my brain I have a notion
e liked to have lived three hundred years ago and
anoer.
scope of a buccaneer is limited in the twentieth
Still there's no reason why his doings should be
and it may not be a bold prophecy to say that in
s MAN may one day resurrect him. For surely
smiled at
eing bashed through match-
love tokens of the Boers on his
chronicle strenuous doings.
luck to him, say I! STANLEY L. WOOD.

Anyone guessing whom the cartoon represents, d better communicate with Mr. A. G. Hales, the nous war correspondent, but let them approach n cautiously.

THE BARGEE.

A SKETCH.

His life is not the savage thing so many people think, nor is his language ever of that sanguinary type for which his name has become a byword.

He can fight, and drink, and curse with any man, but to put him down as an idle, worthless, dissolute fellow is to libel him grossly, and to give a totally false impression of a thoroughly good fellow.

He takes to barge life for its movement—slow though it be—and its variety. He is a true wanderer, giving play to the same spirit that has sent many a man to distant lands.

To him a fixed abode means death to all ambition, and stagnation both of mind and body.

And so he wanders down to wharf and lock and joins some craft that lacks a hand, and off they go from Brentford up to Birmingham, or Leicester, Hull, and even Liverpool, for there are several waterways across this land of ours undreamed of in the circumscribed philosophies of landsmen.

The barge's crew is never numerous, for merchandise takes up the greater room, and often one small cabin constitutes the only home the bargee knows. But every place, and no place, is home to him. When neither cooking nor resting is in progress the bargee stands or sits on deck, with one eye on the tiller and the other on the sturdy horse that spends a regular, contented life slowly pacing to and fro through England on the towing path.

But the bargee rises to the highest ranks when given the command of a full-blown steamer. Then he paces his quarter deck with all the pride and power of an admiral. He has a crew at his disposal; a mate for himself, and an engineman who also has a mate. They travel night and day, for the little engine's fires are never dead and steam is always up. Bricks, hides, sugar, corn, leather and endless other kinds of merchandise will fill the steamer's roomy hold as well as the two "butty boats" in tow behind her.

The life he leads is of the very roughest. No pioneer more cheerfully accepts the harsh and comfortless conditions of his lot. Life on the barge is crude. A little smoky, shut-up stove serves to overheat the tiny cabin, to burn the chunks of toughest meat bought on the journey at wayside village shops, and to stew the week-old tea leaves in the metal teapot.

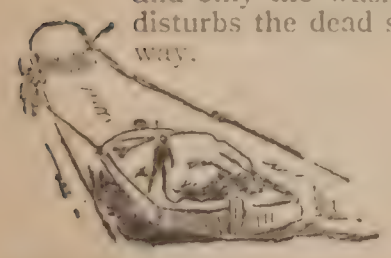
A single knife will serve to carve bacon and cheese and bread, and dig the butter from the gallipot, and scoop the sugar from the broken bowl. But still the bargee thrives. He loves the sense of openness and the absence of a carping supervision that takes the sweetness from so many lives.

With his pipe drawing well, and never laid aside—I have known him fall to sleep with clay in full blast, drawing at it to the last—and with the gallon jar of ale always handy and oft replenished, he finds that many minor comforts can be easily relinquished. At night he sits half in and half out of his little cabin, his head just high enough above the roof to keep a sharp look out for approaching boats.

He smokes silently through the long dark hours, listening to the steady thumping revolutions of the little steamer's screw; peering about into the blackness on either hand; passing through many a sleeping village; skirting towns that send their glow into the clouds; and finding companionship even with the bats that dart around his cabin door attracted by the dimly burning lamp.

At intervals throughout the night the boats are passed in and out of the locks that mark the different levels of the water. Then for a few minutes there is life and movement on the banks and boats. The great gates are closed behind them and they rise or fall to higher or lower levels, passing on into the darkness again, and only the wash in the hollows of the banks disturbs the dead silences of the winding waterway.

C. Kirkwood.



MY NOTEBOOK.

PANIC.

Once more we have the invasion scare thrust before us, and this time, it appears, with more than a little justification.

The Kaiser has been throwing dust in our eyes with one hand and paying out millions for the building of a fleet of Dreadnoughts with the other. What he means to do with them he best knows. Possibly he is going to use them as pleasure yachts, possibly not; we may be permitted to have our own opinion as to his intentions.

Our slow-moving officials will promptly set about building more ships to protect us, but the mischief may have been done long before they are completed. It is fortunate that we have an efficient second line of defence—our Territorials.

In view of the present naval disclosures, let me make another appeal to all my readers who are qualified to become Territorials.

If our country were invaded, my reader, would you hide yourself in a coal mine or bunk off to the hills?

I'm hanged if you would!

You would want to be a soldier straight away and do your bit for the homeland; but you could not be enrolled then; you would find that you were too late.

You would have to rank amongst the women and children. Would you like that?

You would not.

Then join the Territorials now, and do the straight thing by your country. It will cost you nothing and you will be the better man for it.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

I am astonished to find so many misconceptions as to the conditions of Territorial service. One reader asks me in all good faith whether the authorities would allow him to marry if he became a Territorial.

"I'd like to do what I ought to," he writes, "and join right away, but it's rather rough luck on me. You see I had arranged to get married at the end of the year, and I don't like putting it off for four years, and they wouldn't let me marry on the strength, would they?"

I reproduce this bit of his letter not because I want to laugh at him, though he deserves it, but just to show you how little is known about this particular branch of the Service.

Far from barring matrimony, the Territorial authorities even give the wife an allowance while her husband is in camp, so that she can buy chocolates and be happy.

Moreover, many of my correspondents do not seem to be aware that for any urgent reason the conditions as to length of service may be dispensed with.

If you don't know the conditions of service apply to the nearest Territorial depôt, or write to me. I shall be happy to send you a copy of the official pamphlet.

SPORT AND SELF-ADVERTISEMENT.

I have received this week a very interesting letter from a reader. "I am beginning to think," he writes, "that self-advertisement plays a very important part in the world of sport. I come to the conclusion in this way. I am a member of a cross-country running club, and some little time ago we decided to have a competition with another club.

"It was to be a relay race, six on each side, and it was to be held at half-time during a football match one Saturday afternoon. The officials of our club considered me worth a place in our six, and accordingly I trained hard for a couple of months before the date fixed for the race.

"Three weeks before the day, however, I was informed that an ex-member of the club, who had in his time been a splendid runner but had given it up for some years, had offered to be one of our six. I had not been in the club so long as the five others, and our officials hinted to me that it would be well if I would allow [illegible] member to take my place.

"In the interests of the club I was [illegible] willing to do so, for, though anxious to [illegible] pete, my chief desire was that the club sho[illegible] win. I was just going to drop [illegible] when I was told that it was just possi[illegible] old member might not be able to run, as[illegible] was consequently requested to keep up my tra[illegible] ing as a reserve. I admit it was heartless w[illegible] training night after night for a competition[illegible] might never take part in, but I kept it up.

"When the day of the race arrived, I [illegible] down at the football ground ready to take [illegible] old member's place if necessary, but he turn[illegible] up, and so I was merely a spectator.

"He was put in last of our side, and he c[illegible] pletely dropped the lead that had been built [illegible] by the five others, and we lost the race. It [illegible] admitted on every hand that he failed owing [illegible] lack of training, and that if I had run, as orig[illegible] ally intended, the race would have been ours.

"My point is this. Why did this man w[illegible] to run that race? He had apparently lost [illegible] liking for running as a sport, for otherwise [illegible] would have turned up at our practices. [illegible] it be that he simply ran because he knew th[illegible] would be some thousands of spectators to l[illegible] at him? In short, was it self-advertisem[illegible] was after?"

THE SENSATION OF COMPETITION.

I fully sympathise with [illegible] reader, and I greatly admi[illegible] sportsmanship in sacrificing [illegible] own interests and [illegible] to w[illegible] the officials believed wo[illegible] the interests of the club; [illegible] I disagree with him in attributing the any[illegible] the old member evinced to compete to a m[illegible] desire for self-advertisement.

You will always get men to take part in sp[illegible] if there is to be a crowd of spectators, and, w[illegible] is more, the competitors under these condi[illegible] will make far more strenuous efforts than t[illegible] would do were the spectators absent. I do [illegible] think it can be due to self-advertisement, f[illegible] I have observed the same facts where the [illegible] consisted of strangers and where the com[illegible] could not therefore expect any gratificat[illegible] personal vanity.

The fact is that most of us require the e[illegible] ment of keen competition to bring out the [illegible] that is in us and to secure the fullest enjoy[illegible] a sport can give.

The old member referred to had got th[illegible] ordinary running, but running before a cro[illegible] of people and in a race of some importance w[illegible] another matter altogether.

Here there was excitement; he knew [illegible] would be watched and would have to do [illegible] best; he knew that he had to beat not mer[illegible] men in his own club but the pick of anot[illegible] club; and knowing these things lent an [illegible] ment to the sport, which attracted him [illegible] the ob[illegible]

That, I am convinced, is why th[illegible] determined to compete. I do not in [illegible] blame him, but I do blame the poor ju[illegible] of the officials in permitting to compete [illegible] who had not gone in for a proper course [illegible] training, however good his previous reco[illegible] might be.

A PERSONAL FAVOUR.

I ask you as a friend to do me a personal favour. I am in a sa[illegible] satisfied with The Modern M[illegible] as it is, but I want to see it even better. I [illegible] several improvements in mind, and I [illegible] that you will like them, but they w[illegible] —lots of it. I cannot carry them [illegible] circulation is considerably larger, and I [illegible] to help me to that end.

If you will tell your friends about the pap[illegible] and get as many shops as possible to stock it, [illegible] shall do the rest. I am giving you good val[illegible] will you do this for me in return?

Your [illegible]

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE SECOND VISIT

By G. GIBSON MURRAY.

Joe Treble did not give his [illegible] to the man-servant [illegible] him into the famous [illegible] waiting-room.

It was not very likely that the doctor himself read police-court reports, but it was quite likely that the servant did so, and the name of Joe Treble might have sounded [illegible] familiar to him. He announced that his name was Fitzmaurice, and took his seat in the waiting-room beside two fashionable old ladies and a younger man.

In due course of time the servant came into the room and informed the two old ladies that Dr. Archer could now see them. There was here none of the [illegible] which one may witness in the waiting-room of a [illegible] for the patients of Dr. Archer were for the most part wealthy people who visited their physician [illegible] to time, [illegible] as a matter of course than because there was anything the matter with them. The old ladies [illegible] one of the [illegible] and the door closed behind them.

Joe wondered how long they would be kept and when the young man who sat at the opposite side of the fireplace would be summoned. He felt in his breast pocket, and observed that something long and hard had fallen to a horizontal position. He placed it upright in his pocket, crammed his handkerchief against it, so that it would remain so, and once more pretended to be interested in a paper which he held before him.

Ten minutes later the servant returned, and Joe had just begun to feel certain that the young man was to be summoned, and that he would at last have the room to himself, when an old gentleman was shown into the room. Joe sighed at the extra delay which the fresh arrival would entail, felt again in his breast pocket to see that everything was right, and settled himself back in his chair.

Shortly afterwards the young man was invited to step through to the doctor's consulting room, and some little time after that the servant opened the door and said: "Dr. Archer will see Mr. Fitzmaurice now."

Joe made no movement. He had almost forgotten that the name had any reference to himself, and it was only when he observed that the servant was looking at him that he grasped the situation.

"Oh," [illegible]

[illegible] accustomed as he was to dealing with people of fashion, had little experience of self-sacrifice of this nature. He had always found his master's patients anxious to hustle one another out of their proper turns, and he had on several occasions received little bribes on the understanding that he should advance the donors beyond earlier arrivals.

The politeness of Mr. Fitzmaurice therefore [illegible] he reflected that Mr. Fitzmaurice seemed to be of the same social [illegible] as the patients, and he had observed that cases of a humbler status not infrequently endeavoured to hide their uneasiness, [illegible] the society of their betters, [illegible] of exaggerated courtesy. [illegible] may, he was too well [illegible] the slightest objection [illegible]

Mr. Fitzmaurice was consequently left in his [illegible] while the elderly gentleman who had [illegible] arrived, was conducted through to the room [illegible] consultation.

As soon as the door had been closed Joe crossed over to it, and secured it with a small gimlet, for there was no key in the lock. Then he crossed quickly to the window, closed it, and set to work upon the catch with the screw-driver which he drew from his breast pocket.

The catch was one of the patent variety, but, like all other window catches, it had been designed to baffle attack from the outside, and not from the inside. The two sections of which it consisted were secured to the window-sashes by means of a couple of screws. One piece Joe unscrewed without the least trouble, but the other was extremely difficult to remove, for one of the screws had become rusted and was firmly embedded in the wood.

He left the chair on which he had been standing and mounted the window-sill itself, so as to obtain a better purchase upon the reluctant screw. He twisted at it till the handle of the screw-driver hurt his hand, but he was determined to have it out, and at length his efforts were successful.

Quickly thrusting the screws into his waistcoat pocket he plugged up the holes in the sashes with pieces of a wooden match. Then he replaced the catch, fixing each part down with brass-headed tacks. To look at the catch or even to handle it you would not readily have discovered that it had been tampered with at all.

Joe opened the window again till it looked exactly as it had done before, and finally removed the gimlet which kept the door from opening. He had scarcely reseated himself in his chair when the handle of the door turned, and the servant came into the room, informing him that the doctor was now ready to see him.

Joe looked about him as he passed along the passage leading to the consulting room, and he apprised the value of all he saw with a professional accuracy. The doctor was as courteous as fashionable doctors usually are, but he nevertheless missed no point concerning the personality of his visitor, for experience had taught him that the appearance of a patient not infrequently assisted him in coming to a correct diagnosis.

It was obvious to the doctor that Joe came from the country. His clothes were of good material, but the cut was not above suspicion. Moreover, his hands were large, red and awkward, and his boots were thicker than they need have been for the streets of London.

"I don't know that I ought to have come to see you at all," Joe remarked. "I'm afraid you will laugh at me, because I can't tell you definitely what is the matter with me. I am just a sort of run down. Nerves I think it must be."

Dr. Archer asked him certain technical questions, and the answers which Joe gave rather puzzled him as to the nature of his malady.

"The only thing for me to do is to examine you," he said. "Just open your vest, while I see whether your lungs are all right."

Joe did as requested, and the doctor placed his stethoscope on his chest and listened attentively, but Joe's breathing apparatus was in perfect order, and the doctor told him as much.

The visitor was now becoming not a little uneasy. He had counted upon hoodwinking the physician with indefinable symptoms, but he now felt sure that his imposture stood a good chance of being discovered if this practical examination were continued.

"It's nerves, doctor, I'm sure it's nerves. You know I am so nervous that it makes me shake like a leaf to think that you might discover some fatal disease. If you go on with this examination I am sure I'll collapse. I really will. All I want, doctor, is a nerve tonic. Something just to set me up a bit, and pull me together."

The doctor was well accustomed to patients who suffered from nothing in particular and that not much, and he was supremely tactful; so, after feeling Joe's pulse, and looking at his tongue, he seated himself at his desk and made out a prescription in the hieroglyphics.

Joe folded it up and placed it in his breast pocket beside the screw-driver, paid his guinea, and was shown to the door by the same immaculate servant.

"All you fellows are too blooming conservative," remarked Joe to some boon companions in a tavern that evening. "You go for pawnbrokers' shops and jewellers and sometimes houses of big merchants and titled people, but you seem to have a prejudice about doctors."

"It's all show with doctors," one of his friends replied. "They've got to keep up a grand style to get business, but they're never worth robbing."

"That's all you know," replied Joe sharply. "The style of the Harley Street doctors runs a good deal deeper than the surface. There's money in these houses, you take my word."

Joe rolled up Dr. Archer's prescription, and, thrusting it into the fire, gave himself the exquisite pleasure of employing a guinea pipe light. Then, looking around him and nodding to his companions, to drive home the sagacity of his last remark, he stepped out into the street.

It was shortly after twelve o'clock that night that Joe reached Harley Street. He walked slowly to allow a policeman to get well on in front, and then, when the road seemed clear, he stepped on to the grating above the area which separated Dr. Archer's house from the street. He had chosen the house cleverly, for the nearest lamp cast a deep shadow along the lower part of the house. Into this Joe crouched. Not a light was showing in the house, and though he listened intently he could hear no sound.

He opened a pocket-knife which had lost its point, stepped across to the window of the doctor's waiting room, and thrust the blade between the sashes just at the middle. He pressed gently and firmly upwards, and there was no sound as the brass tacks with which he had fixed the catch slipped from their sockets. Fortunately it did not fall into the room, but lay on the top of the lower sash. Joe pushed the window a couple of feet open, clambered into the room, and closed the window behind him.

There was nothing much in this room itself, for he had scrutinised it thoroughly in the morning. So he pressed the button of his electric torch, so that he should not stumble over the chairs, and prepared to leave the room for the exploration of the rest of the house.

As the light of his torch flashed round beside the door, it caught something which made Joe feel particularly uncomfortable. He flashed it back in order to make certain, and this time saw that there was no mistake.

Dr. Archer was standing in a corner of the room holding a revolver which was pointed directly at him.

"You've lost this time," said the doctor, "put up your hands."

"Yes, I have lost," replied Joe, lifting his hands. "I may as well give in. How did you suspect me, old Sawbones?"

"You ought to be more careful," replied the doctor. "When I was taking your pulse, I noticed that on the palm of your hand there was a curved red mark, which I concluded could only have been caused by your recently having used a screw-driver. As I considered it probable that you had been waiting for a good half-hour, I wondered what you could have been using a screw-driver upon during that period, and so when you had gone I came to the waiting room here and had a good look about. It was a clever idea taking the screws out of the window catch, and it would probably have worked if you had not marked your hand in doing so."

"My pals were quite right," remarked Joe, as the doctor rang the bell to despatch a servant for a policeman. "It doesn't pay to crack cribs in Harley Street."

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

MARRIAGE AND BUSINESS.

A certain firm of wholesale grocers have a notice prominently posted in their warehouse, that any employee who marries is liable to instant dismissal, and what is more, they carry out this threat when occasion arises.

Such a rule is by no means uncommon, though few firms have the audacity to go so far as to post it up for all beholders to read. It should be illegal for an employer to lay down any such bye-law, and an employee who is dismissed simply because he is married, ought by law to be able to recover very substantial damages. But this unhappily is a reform of the future, not of the present.

The only thing an employee can do under such circumstances, if he wants to marry, is to do so secretly, and this is very frequently done.

The reason such firms give for their high-handed action is that married men require higher salaries, because their expenses are greater. Moreover, the employer hesitates to dismiss a married man, because he knows what hardship it would inflict on others as well as the victim himself. With bachelors, on the other hand, dismissal when it suits the employer's book need not give him any particular pangs of conscience.

In the majority of banks, the clerk is forbidden to marry until he is receiving a certain stated salary.

This is a more reasonable precaution, as it is essential that a man who is handling vast sums every day should be free from temptation.

In many drapery establishments, and other shops where assistants of both sexes are employed, it is frequently a tacit command that not only shall employees refrain from marrying, but there shall also be no love-making during business hours. The latter rule is, of course, perfectly just, and we should be the last to condemn it. But the hardship of the first part of the rule amounts almost to an outrage on the liberty of the subject.

It is pleasant to turn to other businesses where married men are preferred to bachelors, and such businesses are by no means few.

A married man has several advantages over his single brother, so far as the employer is concerned. He is less likely to take it into his head to leave, and he has greater inducements to run straight in all respects, for dismissal would mean to him hardship for those dearest to him.

Then again he is less likely to be dissatisfied with his wages and ask for a rise, for as in the other case he dreads giving his employer any excuse for dispensing with his services.

The married man seldom makes requests to get off early in order to attend football matches, and when he is asked to work overtime he generally stops pleasantly. Ask a bachelor to work overtime and he will only consent under compulsion, and his work will be bad, for he is thinking of the amusements that he had planned for that evening.

Some houses even go so far as to make it a rule that all their employees shall be married men. They, like those who stipulate for bachelors exclusively, are frequently the victims of innocent deception. I have known a bachelor clerk pose as a married man with a large family, and ask for a rise at least once a year because of the arrival of a fresh little stranger.

My own candid opinion is that a man is justified in deceiving his employer in such a matter, for an employer has no right either to enforce marriage or to forbid it. It is a form of tyranny to which the employees are too ready to submit, but it is one which I hope to see dealt with when their various Trade Unions become more potent. Till then the oppressed worker will continue to marry on the sly.

MONDAY AS PAY DAY.

An employee recently asked me if he might have his weekly salary on Mondays, instead of on Saturday morning. Naturally I had no objections, as it was simply a matter between himself and the cashier, but out of curiosity I asked him to explain his object in making this change.

He found it impossible, he said, to resist the temptation of squandering money on Saturday night. He confessed to me that after one o'clock on Saturday, it was his custom to lunch at a fashionable restaurant, to ride home in a cab, and later on to emerge in evening dress clothes, dine at another restaurant, and subsequently visit the theatre. This, mind you, on a salary of £2 10s.

After the new arrangement had been in force for a fortnight I asked him whether he had cured himself of his propensity for spending, and he explained that life was now an entirely different thing to him. By taking his money on Monday he had not enough left on Saturday afternoon to gratify his extravagant tastes.

Formerly, he said, he had been content to lunch on tea and buns, but now he enjoyed a substantial mid-day meal every day. Moreover, he had more money left for tobacco, for 'bus fares and newspapers, and he confessed that he was altogether living on a much better scale than formerly.

He is the possessor of many sterling qualities, but saving money is not amongst the number. I cite this case for the benefit of those who may resemble him in this particular. If you find yourself unable to reserve sufficient to tide you comfortably through the week, you might make the same suggestion to your employer as he did to me.

BUSINESS LETTERS.

The first consideration in drafting a business letter is to keep its tone courteous. The correspondent whose requests you are refusing may one day be a customer. It is a principle of modern business to make no enemies, and it is not hard to keep a letter courteous, even if the information it conveys is unpleasant to your correspondent.

Never let a business letter be ambiguous. Your correspondent must understand exactly what you mean, not if he wishes to understand, but whether he wishes to do so or not. You may by a carelessly constructed letter allow a meaning to be read into your communication which you never intended. Your correspondent naturally takes the meaning which is most to his own interest, and if his interpretation is a plausible one you may find yourself run into actual loss. Special attention must be paid to quotations and prices. If you are quoting for a cwt. see to it that your letter cannot be misconstrued into a quotation for a ton.

Perhaps the chief point of all in a business letter is brevity. It is wasting your time to write a long letter, and your correspondent's to read it. Do not, however, cut down your remarks to such an extent as to omit necessary or requested information.

Lastly, remember that what you write is permanent; therefore make no uncomplimentary allusion to another firm, or say anything which might be construed as libellous. Such remarks are dangerous enough in conversation; in ink they are lighted bombs.

REFUSING CREDIT NICELY.

In a lengthy article I recently showed the necessity for a shopkeeper deciding at the outset of his business career whether or not he was to give credit. I pointed out that in certain [illegible] class residential neighbourhoods the man who refuses credit might as well close his doors, while in poorer neighbourhoods it is the [illegible] money trade alone that pays.

Where a shopkeeper decides not to give credit, it is well that he should make the announcement to the public in as tactful a manner as possible. If he says to a customer "No, madam, we do not give credit," that customer feels small, and she is likely to take her [illegible] age elsewhere.

Humour is extremely useful in taking the edge off a hard fact, and I give here a few of the humorous ways of refusing credit which have come under my notice from time to time.

One of the neatest is that to be seen in a grocer's shop in a Whitechapel road. He works on the pay desk system. One side of the [illegible] desk, instead of having the usual [illegible] supplied with a wooden shutter. Above [illegible] the words "Credit orders here," and [illegible] window itself appears a notice "Out [illegible] coming back." The device of having [illegible] clock face with the words "No tick here" [illegible] across it is familiar, but none the less [illegible]

A grocer in Islington has the picture of a [illegible] prominently displayed above his counter. Underneath is the inscription "Poor Trust is dead. It was bad pay that killed him."

Another shop exhibits a picture of a lean [illegible] with the inscription "What I was like when I gave credit." Beside it hangs the portrait of a fat man bearing the words "What I am like now that I deal for cash only."

Possibly the neatest of all is a card bearing the words "Please do not ask for credit. Our bull dog is very fierce."

THE SALE DODGE.

Fortunate are those tradesmen whose business is of such a nature that they can from time to time organise sales, for this is a most convenient method of getting in ready cash.

The natural human desire for a bargain is to many irresistible. Cloth which has hung [illegible] at 2s. a yard may be very readily sold at 5s. [illegible] for a remnant three yards long. I have known even less reduction than a penny in the [illegible] lings make unpopular stuff sell off quickly.

Compare the prices of most shops during recent sales and now.

It is well that there should be a purpose for a sale. I do not, of course, suggest that bonfires should be got up, but it is an excellent plan to incorporate with one's ordinary stock salvage goods, or bankrupt stock; the general impression then is that you have a sound reason for reducing prices.

If you profess that you are reducing for stock-taking, or any other ordinary cause, the public naturally remain doubtful as to whether they are really obtaining the bargains which you allege, but when the impression exists that the bulk of your stock has come from a wreck or a fire, there is a sound reason why you should be selling cheaply, and even if you do not say so the public will flock to your shop in the belief that they are obtaining bargains.

A hosier once confessed to me that he had got rid of a line of shilling ties, which [illegible] his customers appeared to want, by means of a sale dodge.

Bundling them into a huge cardboard box, he laid them on his counter with a ticket prominently displayed that any of these ties might be had for 1s. 1½d. In a week's time they had disappeared.

The customers had actually paid tuppence more than they need have done had they taken the ties when first offered to them, but the careless method in which they were thrown in the box, and the odd amount of the price gave them the impression that the ties were worth half-a-crown, or at least eighteenpence.

LAWN TENNIS AS AN EXERCISE

NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE IT UP.

Although many years have sped since lawn tennis was invented—so far as any ball game is invented, for all had their origin in prehistoric man's first attempt to hit a more or less round stone with a club—by Major Clopton Wingfield, M.V.O., that fine old soldier, who, happily, is still with us, the game is if possible more popular than ever.

[illegible] this does [illegible] than lawn tennis has [illegible] of its own. It is [illegible] exercise in a brief space of [illegible] while there is no finality [illegible] strokes, new [illegible] tactics being [illegible] covered and experimented with. Lawn tennis can never become stereotyped.

However, this is not a treatise on the charms of lawn tennis, many though they be, but an endeavour to compress within a brief space some useful hints to the beginner at this admirable outdoor game.

First of all, get a racket; it is well worth while to get a good one, and a first-class racket will [illegible] you a sovereign.

The most suitable weight is a matter of individuality, but 14 ozs. is a good average weight; you may if you like use a heavier one, but anything lighter will rarely be of much use to a man.

CHOOSING A RACKET.

Don't [illegible] a very tightly strung racket. I know that many (and even experienced players) think there is much virtue in tight stringing, but it is difficult to get "drive" or "lift" with very highly strung rackets, the ball flies off [illegible] so quickly that there is no time for the racket, so to speak, to get a grip of it.

[illegible] racket the next thing is to learn how to hold it, and here opinions vary as to the best grip. Some experts hold it at the extreme end of the handle, others again hold it higher up, the handle-end projecting across the side of the hand, yet others again [illegible] up the handle.

Bear this in mind, however; a firm grip is essential. At billiards the cue for most strokes should be held lightly in the right hand, and at other games, too, an easy delicate grip on the implement used is necessary to success, but at lawn tennis, for practically every stroke, it is impossible to grip the racket handle too tightly.

HOW TO HOLD IT.

The grip should not only be firm, but powerful, that is, you should hold your racket so that you can get the greatest possible amount of force into the stroke.

For some strokes, lobs for example, you want to be [illegible] gently, but success at lawn tennis is [illegible] a hard driving and smashing, and the [illegible] getting all you know into a drive is [illegible] simple—hold your [illegible] so that [illegible] like the [illegible] of the [illegible] your forearm and the [illegible] are in a straight line.

[illegible] majority of English players hold [illegible] racket at an angle, but the New Zealanders and Americans [illegible] t us that this is wrong. You have [illegible] k it over and you will see that when [illegible] dle and forearm are in a line the [illegible] the stroke is transmitted directly to the [illegible] and the ball, whereas when the racket is at an angle to the arm much of the power is wasted.

I have spoken of "hitting" the ball, and of the power behind a stroke, but as at golf, the tennis ball is driven far more by a combination of swing, timing, and "follow through" of racket and body than by sheer strength. The tennis player does not hit the ball a short, sharp blow (save for certain strokes), he, so to speak, throws or lifts it with his racket, and "lift" is the mark of the good player—especially in straight forehand-driving, which is the foundation of all play.

As a beginner you should always try to hit the ball in the centre of the racket, so far as it has a centre, and you will soon discover the difference in feeling and effect between a fairly hit ball, and one that you have caught on the top, bottom, or side of the racket.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"But how am I to hit the ball truly," you may ask. Well, the advice dinned into the ears of every golfer is for you also—*Keep your eye on the ball.*

After a time the process becomes automatic, and you appear to hit the ball without looking at it.

The next point is to place yourself so that the ball at its second bounce, when of course you must either return it or let it go dead and lose a point, will be from two to two and a-half feet to the right of your left foot.

That is the ideal position for taking the ball. Naturally if the ball twists away or into you on its first bounce, you have to alter your position like lightning to get the proper distance from it, but if you have watched the ball carefully you should be able to judge whether it is a straight or a breaking ball and get ready accordingly. That is, unless you have the misfortune to run up against one of those "demons" who have the uncanny power of disguising the break or spin on the ball, or of making it twist first one way and then another, but we are discussing elementary tennis.

SWING AND FOLLOW THROUGH.

Swing your racket well back before the stroke, and let it "follow through"—that is, the racket head should follow after the ball and in the direction of its flight. It is wonderful what a difference this simple instruction, if observed, will make in the force and accuracy of your strokes.

Not only should the racket, but you yourself "follow through"; as you meet the ball you shift the weight of the body from your right to your left foot (I am talking of forehand strokes) gradually leaning forward as you seem, as I have said, literally to lift the ball with your racket, until at the finish of the stroke all your weight is on your left foot.

Accuracy is the first thing for the beginner to strive for. It is better to make feeble but accurate returns at first than red-hot but inaccurate drives. And by accurate I do not mean "placing," but simply getting the ball over the net and keeping it in court.

It is ever so much better to be two or more feet over the net than a quarter of an inch too low and in it. It is the serves or returns that go into the net that lose most matches.

Driving power, placing, fine shaving of the net, and all the other refinements of the game, will come with practice, but at tennis as at other games you must learn to walk before you can run.

J. Ridley Potter.

MERRY DAYS.

Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail.—Rogers.

The three men in the big railway hotel smoking-room have been furtively eyeing each other.

One bears the unmistakable stamp of the soldier, and Sherlock Holmes would have small difficulty in deducing that he has just come from India; the bronzed face, the steady, introspective eyes—eyes of a man used to loneliness, vast distances, and the habit of command—the well-worn tweed suit, all betoken the returned exile of the East.

Of the other two men, one has the mark of the country upon him, for all his fashionably cut morning coat. He is clearly a man more used to breeches and gaiters than the elegancies of Savile Row, while the other with his clean-shaven face and sedate air might be doctor, business man, or lawyer. As a matter of fact, he is the last, a young solicitor.

At last, the countryman rises and crosses to the soldier. "Excuse me," he says nervously, "but is your name Donnington?"

"Yes," says the soldier, and then, a light breaking on his face, he almost shouts, "and I'm dashed if it isn't Tommy Stafford—by gad, I'm glad to see you, old chap," and they fall to shaking hands vigorously.

The man of the law has pricked up his ears, and he crosses to the twain. "Hullo, Donnington, hullo, Tommy. I thought I wasn't mistaken," he says coolly.

"The Ferret, as I live!" shouts the soldier. And the three burst into—for Englishmen—animated conversation, some scraps of which we take the liberty of overhearing:

"Landed this morning." "Case at the Law Courts." "In town for the Cattle Show," and so on until Donnington clinches the matter with: "You fellows must dine with me to-night—I'll take no denial—we'll do a music-hall after."

It is two hours later; the fezzed Turk has reverently poured the thick coffee into the egg-shaped cups, the big cigars are drawing, and the three old schoolmates thus strangely met are tasting the sweetness of life. How good the dinner has seemed, what roars of laughter have greeted the feeblest jest; the wine of the grape, the wine of life, runs strong in their veins.

They are not drunk; far from it; they are gentlemen and can carry their liquor. But they have dined well; they are still young, and the spirit of mischief is abroad.

The "Ferret" wears a distinctly rakish air; Tommy beams on all and sundry; even Donnington's rather stern features have relaxed and his steel-grey eyes sparkle with devilment. "To the Empire—forward, my children! Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"

Three hours later, a fourwheeler draws up at the railway hotel, and even the seasoned hall-porter blinks his eyes at sight of it, for the proper order of things has been reversed—the cabby is inside, the passengers outside. Two of them are on the roof; the third—Mr. Tommy Stafford—is driving.

Donnington wears a commissionaire's cap embroidered "Empire Theatre," the "Ferret" is singing "Oh, oh, Antonio," while Tommy has got his overcoat on inside out.

The austere might sniff at the idea of grown-men behaving like babies, but the festive trio would tell the austere to go and boil themselves. This has been a merry day, or rather night, that will live long in their memories. It will come back years hence to Donnington in his lonely vigils on the Indian frontier; it will intervene between the "Ferret" and his parchments; it will cause the country squire, when he is stout and middle-aged, to chuckle as he turns out the lights and goes peacefully to bed.

The essence of merry days is spontaneity and the unexpected. Have you never known some chance meeting of old friends such as I have tried to describe? Have you never known what it is to throw off the cares of manhood, and play the fool for a merry hour or two? If you haven't, you have missed a lot. M. Bruce.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

WRIST DEVELOPMENT.

I have been asked to give some special exercises for the development of the wrists, and I hope to do so in an early number.

But let me point out that the wrist is not capable of development in the same way as other parts of the body—the upper arms for instance—for the simple reason that it is not muscular, but composed rather of bone and sinew.

Its development is to a great extent coincident with that of the rest of the physique, in the same way as that of the cheeks and jaw, for which few would wish to go through a course of special exercises.

It is not size but strength that should be aimed at. A large wrist certainly looks well, if the whole physique is in proportion with it, but it is a gift of nature, and it is impossible to do much to increase its size.

On its strength, however, exercises can have a great effect. It is a sound rule to tense the muscles of the arm, wherever possible, in all exercises given on this page.

In those in which the fists are clenched, the wrists will benefit considerably if the hands are turned slightly inwards, until there is a palpable strain on them.

THE FAMOUS SEATED MARS,
From the Ludovisi Museum, Rome.

FOR ARMS AND BACK.

Stand about six inches away from a wall, with the feet about eighteen inches apart.

Bend the arms, so that the clenched fists are in line with the chest, with the backs of the hands against the shoulders and the fingers to the front.

The point in this exercise is to grip the fists against the shoulders.

Now bend forward from the waist as far as you can without losing your balance, keeping the arms in the same position, with the muscles tensed, until you have reached the end of your tether.

Then without relaxing them straighten the arms from the elbows, stretching them out upwards and behind you until the hands touch the wall.

Return the hands and raise the body to the starting position, and then repeat the exercise.

The object of standing against the wall is that the legs shall be kept as near as possible to the perpendicular, as the tendency will be to throw them backward at an angle in order to counteract the forward thrust of the weight of the body, and much of the benefit to the ankle and leg muscles will thus be lost.

It is impossible, of course, to start with the feet right up against the wall, for the balance would be lost at once, but if six inches be allowed, it should be sufficient.

REST.

I have referred before now to the difficulty of keeping oneself up to the mark in the matter of physical exercises. You are very apt to get tired of them and to feel that you would like to chuck up physical culture altogether.

You must take care never to get overtired physically, as well as not to get bored by too frequent repetition of any one exercise.

Judiciously taken rest should play a very important part in the life of the physical culturist.

He should knock off exercises altogether on one day in every week.

The old idea of the Sabbath has a far more practical foundation than is commonly supposed.

On one day a week, therefore, take a complete rest from exercises, either on Sunday, or preferably on the day in the week on which you have to work harder than on others, for such a day occurs with most men.

CLOTHES FOR PHOTOS.

It is a very pardonable bit of vanity on the part of the man who has achieved a fine physique by means of constant care and exercise, to wish to perpetuate his development in a photograph.

But there is often a difficulty as to what he should wear for the ordeal, in order that his muscle may be well displayed.

The best attire, of course, is nothing at all, but it is difficult to wear this so as not to give offence to some to whom you may wish to show the photo.

A leopard's skin is usually affected by the professional culturist, but this is not always easily come by.

I have a photograph of a reader of this page in which a triangle of leopard skin is used to great effect, but failing this an ordinary bathing triangle is really all that is required.

A full-sized bathing costume, however, if it is tight-fitting, will allow the contours of the muscles to appear perfectly, while fulfilling the most exacting demands of decency.

THE CULTURIST'S JUSTIFIABLE CONCEIT.

The man who goes in for physical culture, at any rate if he is at all successful in his development, usually has a touch of conceit about him.

He cannot help feeling a little superior to the weakling and the fellow who has no care for his health.

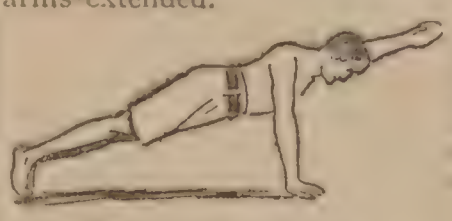
He is hardly to be blamed for it, any more than the soldier, regular or territorial, is to be blamed for being proud of his uniform.

And just a little swagger, if its owner has really anything to swagger about, is by no means an unbecoming thing.

The sense of power, and the knowledge that you are a better man than your neighbour, is a fine thing.

FINE ARMS AND SHOULDERS.

Start at attention, and fall forward, placing the hands on the floor, with feet together and arms extended.



Much stiffer than it looks.

Then raise the left arm slowly until it is in the position shown in the sketch.

Keep the arms rigid throughout the exercise. The only movement must be from the shoulders.

Return the left arm to the starting position, with the hand on the ground, and repeat with the right arm, and so on alternately.

This exercise is a splendid developer for the back and shoulder muscles, as well as for the legs and ankles, which bear the strain of supporting the body.

STRONG LEGS AND BACK.

Plant the feet about eighteen inches [illegible] and raise the arms above the head, so that [illegible] finger-tips meet.

This is not a swing, nor are you to touch your toes.

Then bend slowly from the waist, taking great care to keep the arms as far as possible in line with the body, as depicted in the sketch, and not letting them drop from the shoulders.

Keep the knees stiff, and let the only flexing be from the waist.

Force the body downwards as far as you can without letting the back of knees "give," and remain in this position for a second or two.

The strain on the muscles at the back of the leg will at first be considerable, and you will be quite glad to return to the starting position, which, however, you should do slowly, still keeping the back straight, and the shoulders forced back.

This exercise should not be practised more than half-a-dozen times morning and evening, until the muscles affected are sufficiently supple to allow of a longer time without discomfort.

CURVED BACKS.

I have noticed that physical culturists are apt to worry too much about what may be called "natural defects."

For instance, a reader asks me for a cure for incurved backs. The defect is one which many a round-backed man would give a good deal to be afflicted with, and it is by no means unsightly, as long as it does not have the effect of exaggerating the abdomen.

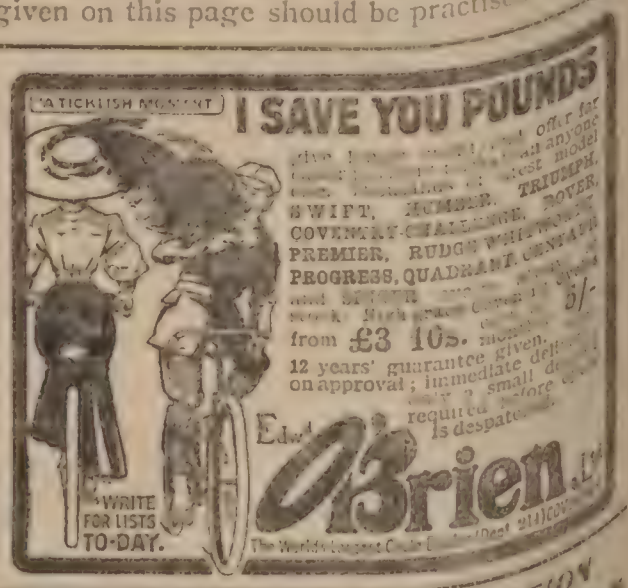
Every man likes to have a well-shaped waist, and the latest fashion in lounge jackets [illegible] him to display it to advantage.

If, however, the back is so much curved [illegible] it is desired to "cure" it, I can give you a sound, if simple, method of doing so.

Open a door and stand with [illegible] against the edge of it. Then raise [illegible] above the head, so that the thumbs [illegible] stretch as high as you can.

It is worth while having a care that the [illegible] of the door is not in a position to do you injury, for the whole of the back must be right up against the door until the [illegible] its fullest extent.

In addition to this all the bending [illegible] given on this page should be practised [illegible]



A REAL LEVER SIMULATION
GOLD WATCH
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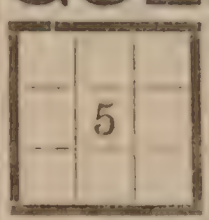


fig. 5. Arrange the figures [illegible] 8, and 9 in the remaining [illegible] the columns add 15 up and [illegible] from corner to corner. [illegible] comply with the simple [illegible] send you, A HANDSOME WA[illegible] teed 10 years) will be sent you [illegible] FREE OF COST. Send your answer NOW, stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Imperial Supply Co. (Dept. 30), 42, Junction Rd., Lee, Lon. N.

Richard Selby: Englishman

A NEW SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.

By ADAM STEER.

V. A NIGHT OUT.

I.

The rising moon shone through the limes, upon window and bed at the foot of the room.

Gradually the blade of light crawled down the opposing wall; the iron bed came into view, and at length a pair of heads resting on the pillows.

One of them [illegible] a little while and then moon's scrutiny for moving restlessly, keeper into the bed-

From the face of the other the eyes gazed out, wide-awake and thoughtful. Beyond the gentle [illegible] the silence in the room was

A [illegible] clock chimed and twelve with impressive deliberation. The of shunting trains at the station some away made itself heard, and at inter- there came through the silence a thin pro- whistle.

Richard got quietly out of bed and went over to the window. Resting his arms on the ledge he stared out and over Moulden; Moulden with its low black chimneys aflare, blazing like [illegible] torches, the ceaseless clamour of the [illegible] rising heavenwards with the smoke.

For some time he remained there, his [illegible] and formless, conscious only of [illegible] and the soft night wind pressing his face and chest.

Slowly there came to him a sense of the [illegible]ness and incongruity of the scene be- him; the hell-like glare, the confusion of [illegible] and clang and clatter, discordant, [illegible]oniacal, destroying the peace of the night as inexorably as its opposite and [illegible] the countenance of nature by day.

He thought of the fields, the smell of the [illegible] earth, trees standing still and [illegible] the road, the long, swerv- road, fenced by hedges just bursting into [illegible] green.

And with the thought there came action and [illegible] of the spirit.

He must go out and into it as he had often before, a two-hours' revel with the soli- of the night, and then back and into bed [illegible] with nobody the wiser.

The very secrecy of these excursions was an [illegible] delight, a mixture of boyish mischief [illegible] the thrill of the male for the object of his

In a few minutes he had dressed and was out [illegible] softly down the yard he [illegible] His whippet stood, quivering, which way Richard would go, through the house and into the street [illegible] at the back of the

[illegible], they cleared the low [illegible] and set off, Lightning [illegible], nosing inquisitively [illegible] to canine custom.

[illegible] tree from Moulden and suck- [illegible]ed air. The moonlit road to Bag- [illegible] away in front of them as they loped [illegible] the ground. The spirit of the night

[illegible] like a pair of [illegible] more corporeal [illegible] along the road for another [illegible] left over a gate. A couple of fields and they reached the palings that encircle the whole extent of Bagley Park, notorious for its plenitude of game.

Here Richard slowed to a walk, working towards the right, away from the keeper's lodge that lay half-a-mile behind him.

A subdued whistle brought the wandering Lightning to heel again.

"Not yet, my son," said Richard. "We'll get inside first."

II.

A little later and the moon, riding the heavens serenely, would have witnessed a queer little comedy could its eye have pierced the gloom of a coppice in Bagley Park.

On one side of the coppice a couple of men were making their way through the underbrush, one of them, whose fast breathing was audible, moving with such clumsiness as to excite the perpetual wrath of his companion. Before long he stumbled over the root of a tree and went headlong.

"Bli'me!" exclaimed the other, coming to a halt and tossing his head in disgust. "A bloomin' elephant couldn't kick up more row. Why don't ye sing an' 'a' done with it?"

"All sight. Sorry," came the hoarse apology. "Y'see, I ain't used to this."

"I should think you ain't," agreed the gamekeeper witheringly. "Serves me right though for bringin' a pleeceman on a job like this."

"Well, well!" was the philosophic reply. "Y'know it's on'y for a bit o' sport."

"Sport? Maybe it is for you. You just 'as a pleasant night out wi' a bit of excitement, but it ain't so soft for me. If I don't nab this mysterious cove as comes a'most every night my job's as good as gorn. Old Lyons 'as told me so. 'E's the cutest poacher as ever I could get the pleasure o' meetin'. Come on."

They progressed along in comparative silence. A blackbird fluttered out of a bush and fled, shrieking. The policeman stood upright and wiped his face, pretending that his exertions had made him sweat.

"It's a 'undred to one chance agen our seein' 'im," observed the gamekeeper presently. "Let's get back to the lodge."

But Robert seemed loth to depart without any compensation for all this trouble. He had accepted the gamekeeper's invitation to supper, not for the first time, and the story he had heard about the depredations of an Unknown had fired his ambitions.

If he could only have a hand in the capture of the individual it would be a feather in his cap, or better, a stripe on his arm.

"There's a sartin place close 'ere as 'e's pretty sure to work some night," said the man in velveteen. "That is, if 'e knows the park as well as I think 'e does. Tread soft, you ponderous lump of—— Hist! Down, y'fool! See that?"

The policeman followed the indicating finger and said aloud in his excitement. "Where?"

Crouching, the gamekeeper dragged him down.

"Y'fool! If ye make another sound," he said murderously. "I'll brain ye with the gun."

"Where is he?" whispered the other, his curiosity making him risk it.

"There!"

About a hundred yards away the bank sloped down from the edge of the wood towards the open land. The top of the bank was shaded by the trees, but that was where the eyes of the two in concealment were straining.

Bent close to the earth a dark form was moving about stealthily.

"That bank's riddled wi' burrows," breathed the gamekeeper. "'E's usin' nets an' a ferret from the look on it."

The doubled-up form of the policeman emitted a grunt of understanding.

"Strike!" he muttered, after a minute's watching. "There's two on 'em."

Another figure had appeared suddenly from the coppice and approached the other man. They began talking and the sound of their voices reached the two in hiding.

"Well I'm blowed!" ejaculated the gamekeeper, whose disgust was now against the poachers. "They'm as bad as you. An' 'ere was I kiddin' meself I was up agen somebody smart. Hist! Think o' 'ot plates an' get as close as y' can afore ye run."

III.

When Richard from the other side had also caught sight of the poacher, his feelings were not exactly charitable.

Professional jealousy awoke in him a desire to score off the intruder. He leaned against a tree and watched, searching his mind for a way.

A pat and a pointing finger ordered Lightning to stay where he was. Tilting his head with perfect understanding, the dog obeyed.

Richard stooped and began to move forward as silently as a cat.

Nearer and nearer he crept, his hands clearing twigs and leaves from the path of his feet, until he could hear the squeak of the rabbit as it struggled in the net and could see the dexterous flick with which the poacher put an end to it before he stowed the limp warm body in a bag.

Like a ghost Richard stepped out from the trees and was within striking distance of the man before he looked up.

"No good running," said Richard as the man sprang to his feet and darted his head this way and that, seeking a manner of escape. "What have you got in that bag?"

No answer.

"You should have been a bit more wide-awake, my friend," continued Richard. "If you'd been anything of a poacher you wouldn't have been caught like this. Now, what have you got to say for yourself."

He made his voice sound as severe as possible. The man looked from him to the ground and preserved a sullen silence.

"I expect you're new at the game," said Richard.

"That I ain't," was the swift contradiction, dictated by pride.

"Ah, that's what I want to know," observed Richard with satisfaction, and the man cursed himself for the slip.

"I was on'y 'avin' a bit o' sport," he growled.

"No doubt."

"I was, honour bright," he protested. "I ain't never bin 'ere afore."

"That's what they all say. But I'll just trouble you to come along with me. Pick up that bag."

The man did not move, and Richard hoped he was beginning to realise there was only one man between him and safety.

"Ah, well," he continued, "if you won't, I must."

With that he went on his knees and rummaged in the bag. "Not a bad haul, either," he commented to the empty air.

He sat back on his heels and laughed as the man scudded away into the wood.

The laugh became a cough as a heavy body dropped on him. So engrossed had he been with the diversion of the other matter that his native caution had entirely deserted him. Richard felt all the remorse of the artist whose picture is spoiled.

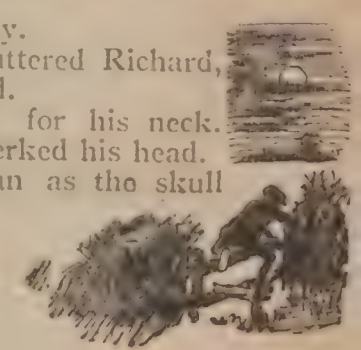
"Never mind the other," said a voice quickly. "Make sure o' this 'un."

"I got 'im," came breathlessly.

"By the Lord, *have* you?" muttered Richard, who was by no means convinced.

He felt fat fingers groping for his neck. Down went his chin and back jerked his head.

"Hh!" grunted the policeman as the skull



pained his face. He lumbered sideways as Richard followed up the advantage with a mighty heave of his back.

As Richard struggled to his feet the gamekeeper gripped his leg in the nick of time and down he came again. For a while there was a furious medley of writhing limbs and each was striking the other in the dark.

"Hh!" grunted the policeman again, on his back with a knee in his stomach.

Richard recognised him as the stout, good-natured constable of Bagley and he gave an ecstatic laugh.

Twining an arm round the neck of the straining gamekeeper, he crushed his head down with resistless strength and used it as a weapon on the policeman.

The superiority in numbers far from counterbalanced the iron power of Richard's arms. The conviction that he was winning came to him. More than once he had the chance to escape, but delayed in order to indulge the exhilaration of battle.

Another joined the combat. Lightning dashed in and out barking madly. The policeman's helmet rolled off. Seizing it the dog backed, growling, confident it was some formidable monster.

Suddenly Richard broke free and away, glancing round for his dog. Lightning toiled after him, worrying the helmet. Richard grinned and stopped to take it from him. Then they dashed off again.

Richard took the open, not caring for the coppice, where the trees would negative their speed.

"We'll take some catching now, my son," he said blithely, his cross-country records in his mind.

But he had forgotten the gun. A shot shattered the peace of the night; then another.

"Phew!" Richard zig-zagged, with an anxious eye on his dog, and uttered maledictions on the moon. This was more than a joke. He bore to the left, though it took him farther into the park, making for a belt of trees. They reached them in safety and he looked back. The gamekeeper was running in their tracks fifty yards away with the policeman far in the rear.

"Righto, Lightning, m'son," Richard cautioned, pressing the dog's head against his leg to keep him quiet.

The pursuer sped past blindly, and in five minutes all sound of the chase had died away.

Richard looked about him to get his bearings. Bagley Court, a great, many-windowed mansion, loomed up before him. They would have to pass it and make a detour to strike the Moulden road.

Suddenly Richard became aware that he was still hugging the policeman's helmet. He looked at it with some puzzlement. Some impish mood was surely dominating him tonight for he laughed aloud with an inspiration, and he laughed again, though more quietly, when he carried it out.

Searching his pockets he found a remnant of pencil and a scrap of paper.

"From the Unknown, who has no use for it," he wrote, using the trunk of a tree for a writing-pad.

A short time after, a figure sped silently up to the wide entrance door of Bagley Court and placed a helmet on one of the stone heads guarding the top of the steps. After this it tugged violently at the bell and disappeared into the gloom of the shrubbery.

* * * * * * *

"Well, we had some fun even if we brought no rabbits," Richard informed his dog as he rubbed him down. "And fun's the best thing in life, eh?"

Lightning, curling up in his basket contentedly, implied by his attitude that he agreed.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—Ed.]

PERFECT ENGLISH.

The question as to where English is correctly spoken has been discussed [illegible] Morell Mackenzie and others, and most [illegible] have agreed with him in awarding the p[illegible] Inverness or the district immediately s[illegible] ing.

Anyone who agrees with this verdict must himself be a Highlander. When you hear "was" pronounced as "wass" and "stick" as "steek," and hear the people gurgling forth their words as if they had catarrh in their throats, you begin to marvel at Sir Morell's judgment. In the Lowlands of Scotland "perfec' English" does not exist, the speech of even the most highly educated being tinged with the ancient dialect, which though extremely beautiful and forcible bars them from the supremacy in this matter.

Northumberland has its burr; Yorkshire clips down its "the's" to "t's"; so does Lancashire, and it mispronounces most "u" sounds into the bargain—"coop" for "cup" and so forth.

No district of the Midlands is [illegible] from the fault of emphasising the wrong part of the [illegible] tences, and when we come to London [illegible] trict we find words clipped almost beyond [illegible] nition. "Can you go?" becomes "Kin you [illegible] with the less educated classes, and the [illegible] thing is perceptible in the speech of their [illegible] lectual superiors.

A foreigner who heard English for the first time from the lips of a Welshman would [illegible] down as the ugliest language on earth, and his opinion would be little less damning if his interpreter were Irish.

Where then shall we look for perfect Engl[illegible]

The truth is that it is common to no district particular, but is the possession of individuals. In two brothers you may find the speech of one full of dialect and that of the other with all the purity that custom leads us to associate with someone or another's cocoa.

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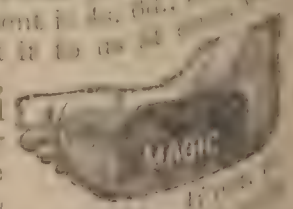

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DEATH DRIVES.

RATTING AND RABBITING ON WHOLESALE LINES.

Rats are a far greater nuisance in India than even rabbits in Australia or New Zealand, for they carry about them the germs of the plague, and [illegible] is a very important business just [illegible] with Europeans in Bombay.

What was described as "one of the biggest drives on record" took place in January in the Kamatipura district of that city. By beat of drum the inhabitants of the nine hundred odd houses therein were notified that the police authorities were about to put traps and poison baits in their houses.

On the morning of the drive some hundreds of men mustered at the central station of Kamatipura. Rat-traps and hatchets of bait were piled on every hand, besides dozens of drums of disinfectant for the subsequent purifying of the houses.

The "meet" was indeed a sight to see. The inspectors and their assistants, at the word of command, marched at the head of their companies to their respective blocks of houses, where they had been told off. All the doors and windows were then closed up with sweeping out the traps of food were left in these for the rats. It was not until four in the afternoon that the regiment of men started from the "meet" in twenty different directions to set the traps. One man was told off for every dozen traps and another man for every hundred baits. No less than twenty thousand baits and nearly three thousand traps were laid.

Next morning a second muster took place, and the men went to collect the "game." No fewer than 3,352 rats were found dead, and 481 were captured alive.

[illegible]'s wonderful increase of rabbits is one of extent that they eat up all the vegetation, leaving none for sheep or cattle. Were it not for the active measures taken by the colonial legislatures to keep them down, Australia would have been rendered an absolute desert by the little [illegible].

Large numbers of men are constantly employed in trapping and poisoning the rabbits, and great drives are organised from time to time and every available man, wealthy squatter and [illegible] alike, takes part in them. The numbers of rabbits killed are enormous, and still the ranks appear to be [illegible] to go under, for it is computed that a pair of rabbits will multiply to a million and a quarter in four [illegible].

It is proposed to introduce weasels, stoats, ferrets, and hawks to combat the evil, but some contend that these creatures would in turn become pests. Yet they would probably die off owing to lack of prey as the rabbits were exterminated.

The jack rabbit, or native hare, of the United States is also a great pest, and at the great drive recently took place at Fresno in California, 20,000 rabbits were killed and 8,000 men took more or less active part in it. A close corral, or enclosure, was erected, about 500 yards square. The entrance to this was about fifty feet wide and formed a V-shape, whilst there extended [illegible] miles in length.

The men, on foot taking part in the drive, under the leadership of marshals, and in extended order they were strung from the mouth of one guiding fence to the other. Then they converged towards the corral, making as much noise as they could to start the rabbits. The horsemen galloped about in cowboy style, all armed with long sticks, and the men on foot followed up to prevent the rabbits from breaking back. When all the rabbits had been driven inside the corral, a sliding gate was shut on them, the men clambered in, and a wholesale slaughter took place. The skins were sold for commercial purposes, and the flesh for food.

G. DUNSTAN.

ROSES

SOME NOTES ON THE QUEEN OF THE GARDEN.

According to the late Dean Hole, one of the greatest of rosarians, if you would have beautiful roses in your garden you must have them in your heart.

That is a wise saying, for successful rose culture means both plenty of hard work and no little expense. You must be prepared to give up much of your leisure to your roses, and, unless you have money and to spare, to make more or less considerable financial sacrifices; but roses are worth it.

If possible you will have planted your roses early in November, if not then at the end of February or at the latest early in March, but April brings some special duties for the rose-grower, and of these the most important is pruning.

Thousands of roses are spoiled annually through the amateur rosarian's not knowing when and how to prune. He will start pruning in winter, thus forcing the lower buds to break into growth early, only to be destroyed by frost.

For dwarf and standard roses in an open garden March and April are the months for pruning, and tea-scented roses should be left until well into April.

In pruning roses of all kinds, first get rid of all dead or sickly shoots, leaving only strong and healthy ones of the last year's growth.

The length to which the healthy shoots should be shortened varies with different roses, but a common mistake with beginners is to leave the shoots too long. A good general rule is to cut back to a bud that has not begun to grow and that points outwards.

Tea and China roses should have the shoots shortened to the first dormant bud; Hybrid Perpetuals, Hybrid Teas, Moss and Cabbage roses should be cut to four inches in the case of strong shoots, two inches if the shoots are weak, while Standards should be shortened to one or two inches, according to the condition of the shoots.

Some roses, as for example, Japanese and Hybrid Sweet Briar, require practically no pruning beyond thinning out dead wood, while Gloire de Dijon and Maréchal Niel roses, grown as standards, should not be pruned too closely; their shoots may be left as long as a foot, provided that the bud cut back to is dormant.

Generally speaking, the weaker the shoot the farther back should it be cut.

The rose-grower, of course, wages a constant war on insects. Caterpillars must be diligently sought for and killed, while green fly or aphis are routed by constant syringing and spraying with any of the many liquid insecticides now sold. Soap-suds make an effective insecticide at a pinch.

Mildew and rusts are other foes of the rose-grower, and are best met with a solution of sulphide of potassium and water—an ounce of the sulphide of potassium dissolved in hot water to about two gallons of water, is the prescription, which should be applied through a syringe or spray.

Trees that have been planted a year will greatly benefit by occasional dressings of artificial manure in spring and summer, provided they are healthy; in the case of weakly roses manure simply hastens their end.

G. SIMS.

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SOME THOUGHTS ON CARDS.

Money ever brings human nature to the surface, and thus at the card-table shall you have many opportunities of studying your fellow man at his best and worst.

Many and varied, indeed, are the types that frequent the card-room, and first of all there is the jovial, irresponsible player, who treats the game with an unbecoming levity—at least, from the seasoned card-player's point of view.

He is often young, and he "doesn't think he waltzes, but he'd rather like to try." Such an one was once asked to make up a rubber at whist, the other three players being a fiery Anglo-Indian general, an equally short-tempered admiral, and an apoplectic fox-hunting squire.

Did he play whist? Well, he hadn't played very much, but still if they wanted a fourth he would be happy to oblige.

SNAP!

He cut the general for partner and dealt. His left-hand opponent led a small diamond, the general, having king only, played it; third hand could do nothing. Then the dealer proudly produced the ace of diamonds, and banged it down on the table with a triumphant shout of "Snap!"

The irresponsible player is generally a good chap, but he is a nuisance. He tells funny stories in the middle of a game when you are trying to recall the fall of the cards in the last trick but two; he chatters incessantly, laughs uproariously over his own mistakes, and plays Old Harry with the rules of the game.

The only card-game he should be allowed to play is "Grab" at an old maids' party.

His opposite is the man who makes a deadly business of what should be a pastime, for, while I hold that if you play any card-game, such as bridge, whist, or poker, which calls for a certain amount of intelligence and judgment, you should play it earnestly or not at all; it is absurd to treat any game of cards as a matter of life and death. Yet many men do this, usually because they depend more or less on cards for their living.

DISAGREEABLE CARD-PLAYERS.

They are disagreeable men to play with, if only because, knowing that winning or losing is a serious matter to them, you feel so horribly guilty when they suffer through your mistakes.

Between the man who won't take cards seriously and the man who takes them too seriously, there are many types.

There is the whining player, who is always bewailing his bad luck. At the beginning of a game he announces that he knows he is going to lose, and he evinces a certain melancholy satisfaction when his prophecy is fulfilled. He keeps up a running fire of querulous comment, and frequently wonders why he was ever born—a state of bewilderment often shared by his comrades.

Then there is the "if" player, who is always babbling about what would have happened if you or he had done so-and-so. Closely allied to him is the player who lays all the blame on his partner when things go wrong, and takes all the credit to himself when Fortune smiles.

The dilatory player is a well-known and much execrated type. He fingers one card after another, and seems to think he has till the crack of doom to make up his mind.

Almost as bad, however, is his antithesis, the whirlwind player, whose one idea appears to be to finish a game in record time. Pause for a moment's reflection and he is at you with "Now, then, old Stick-in-the-mud, train's waiting," or "Take your time, old chap, *I'm* in no hurry."

THE SUPERSTITIOUS CRANK.

The superstitious player is common in the card-room, where you may see him solemnly turning his chair round three times, or performing other weird antics designed to change the luck.

There is the player who insists on his pound of flesh, and rigidly exacts the full penalty for any breach of law or etiquette. I agree that where money is involved the game should be strictly played, but where a player obviously breaks a rule unintentionally he should be given another chance.

The choleric player needs no description, while the man who loudly bemoans his losses or exults blatantly over his gains is not often seen in the card-room, simply because men won't play with him, if they can possibly avoid it.

Then there is the gambler, whose sole interest in the game is the stakes. He, too, is generally shunned, because to your true card-player the stakes are a secondary consideration, which brings me to the ideal-player.

He plays for points well within his means, and thus defeat or victory leaves him unperturbed. He is silent, quiet, and reserved, but at the same time perfectly courteous and sociable. Although ready to instruct a weaker player, he never blames his partner, but accepts his blunders with a good-natured "Better luck next time, partner."

THE IDEAL PLAYER.

Naturally, he is technically skilful, but he is something more; he is a fine judge of character, and quick to spot the strong and weak points of partner or opponent. Above all, he plays for sheer love of the game, and would rather lose a closely-contested rubber or parti than score a runaway victory.

He is a gentleman and a sportsman and never uses his genius for cards unfairly.

Such are some general card-room types, but there are special ones. Many worthy people, I daresay, imagine that habitual card-players are mere frivolous gamblers, or, at all events, men with no very serious purpose in life. Nevertheless, one of the keenest poker-players I ever met was the late Mr. Harry Escombe, one time Premier of Natal.

Mr. Escombe was a man of singularly lofty, even austere character, yet almost every evening found him in the card-room of the Victoria Club, Pietermaritzburg. His favourite game was poker, which, I daresay, many people would class as a gambling game, pure and simple, though personally I do not agree with that view, holding that there is no card-game which calls for greater judgment, knowledge of human nature and character, and prompt decision than poker.

CARDS AND RELAXATION.

Be that as it may, Mr. Escombe undoubtedly found welcome and beneficial relaxation at the board of green cloth, and in the card-room you will often find the very last men you would expect to see there—ecclesiastical dignitaries, great thinkers, strenuous men of action, famous politicians and the like.

Then there is the man who would like to play, but daren't. The gambling virus is in his blood, and he knows that in total abstinence lies his only hope of salvation; but he cannot keep away altogether, and so as onlooker he haunts the card-room, vicariously enjoying all the thrills and disappointments of the game.

Finally, there is the hawk (and with him the pigeon) to be found in those convenient clubs which elect you a member while you wait on the doorstep. Breaking dawn finds hawk and pigeon facing each other across the little table, the former pretending to be [illegible] latter very, very drunk and vociferously asserting that he is sober as a judge, and demanding just one more deal.

But that is not the true card-room, which is a healthy place for healthy men when the day's work is over.

Active physical exercise and study both have their own claims—and very strong claims they are—to a man's leisure time; but there are many evenings when you are not inclined for either. On such occasions try cards, making sure, of course, that you are in good company. There is much to be learnt of human nature round the card-table, and the time is not misspent.

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Exhibiting Dogs

IT ISN'T MERIT ALONE THAT BRINGS PRIZES.

If you have a fine dog, it is your very natural ambition to be able to say that he is a prize-winner, and consequently you are induced to send him to a show.

I more than doubt whether the credit of winning is worth all the trouble, but that is a matter for you to decide.

I am writing for the amateur dog-owner and not for the breeder; to the latter the winning of a prize, especially at a show of some importance, means a direct financial gain.

The amateur exhibitor, on the contrary, does not stand in to win much, and he has to meet the cost of carriage, entry money, tips and so forth, not to mention the frequent disappointments that will overtake him.

If these things terrify you, read no farther; if they don't, I shall try to make your path as an exhibitor as smooth as may be.

First, I should advise you to make friends with the doggy set in your town. They can give you tips that are known to none outside the local fancy. They will know, for instance, the type of dog that gets prizes from a certain judge. I have in mind one judge who awarded prizes to bulldogs with bodies like Irish terriers, and many were the disappointed amateurs who submitted bulldogs of the standard type to his criticism.

You must also study the conditions of the show. These can be had from the secretary and must be adhered to absolutely.

Find out whether the show is under Kennel Club rules and whether your dog has to be registered before he can be exhibited; if so, don't leave this matter to the last moment.

Getting the dog into first-class condition must be your chief care. Not only must his coat be right, but he must also show sound health and good spirits. To exhibit a dog that looks as if he were suffering from an attack of colic, even if he is perfectly well, is to court disaster.

To get your dog fit, give him lots of exercise. Don't make him run after your bicycle, but walk him long distances and give him a little jumping.

See to his feeding, that it is regular and that he has only the best.

Groom him in the way I have described in a previous article, and do it frequently.

With these precautions there should be small fear of your dog not looking his best at the show.

Showing off the dog is of much importance.

Some dogs will never stand properly when led into the judging ring, and it is usually because they have not been accustomed to the chain and are nervous of it.

Make the chain associated in the dog's mind with play and food. Tie a bit of rag over one end of it and play games with him in the garden, letting him catch the protected chain in his teeth and tug it. Let the clank of the chain also be his dinner bell for some weeks before the show. Shake it about when you are on the point of setting down his food to him.

Thus you will make the chain a harbinger of good things to the dog, and the sound of it will make him alert.

Practise holding him on the chain so that he is shown to the best effect. Make him stand still and pull his head gently this way and that, till he looks as near the ideal of his type as possible.

When you finally lead him into the show ring, these preparations will bear good fruit.

G. S. Pardy.

WHY TAFFY?

"Taffy was a Welshman." Why should this particular name be selected when we want to designate someone belonging to the land of the leek?

David, as the name of the patron saint of the principality, is the commonest Welsh name. Being Celtic the Welsh have a tendency to pronounce "d" like "t." Hence you will hear a Welsh woman requesting her husband to spank her son "Tavy" for some offence or another. The leap to Taffy is not far.

The name John Bull was first used as a name for the representative Englishman by Arbuthnot in his "History of Europe."

Sawny stands, of course, for Sandy, a contraction of Alexander, which is probably the most common Christian name in Scotland. The appropriateness of calling the typical Irishman Pat, is obvious.

One of the most puzzling nicknames is the term Cockney. Some of the best authorities connect it with the word "cook," but why a native of London should be so called is a mystery.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

For Brain and Nerves.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

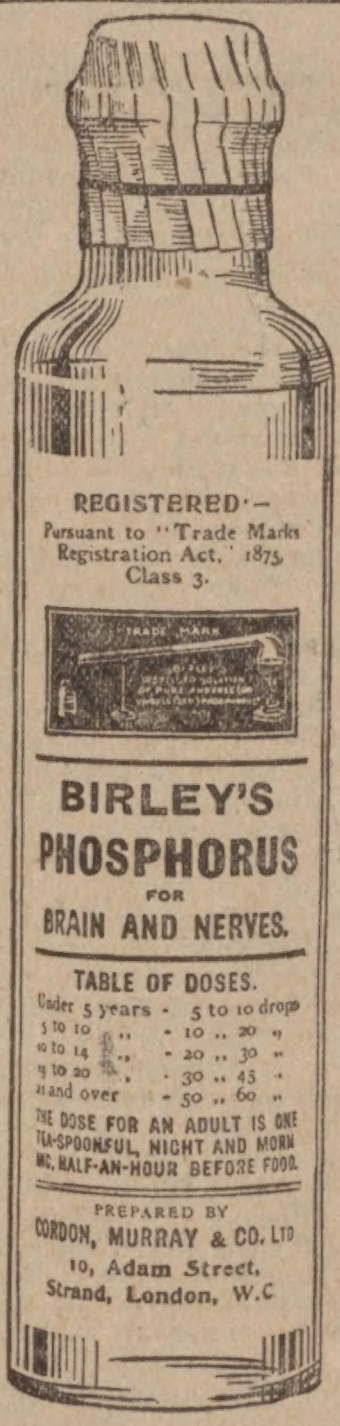
Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, *properly* administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those ***vague and undefined nervous conditions*** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

ALL CHEMISTS, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.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THE OUTER MAN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

VEST SLIPS.

I don't think that there is any means of so effectively or so cheaply adding to the smartness of one's appearance as the wearing of a vest slip. You can get one for 1s. 6d., and, being made of pretty stout material, it will last for a very long time. Moreover, as you will not want to wear a vest slip every day one will pretty well serve your purpose.

The great caution in the matter of wearing vest slips is this. Never use one with a suit of rough texture. To wear the vest slip with a suit of homespun is entirely out of place; it should be donned only with a suit of fine cloth.

For my part, I think that a vest slip looks particularly well with a suit of navy blue, whether the material is serge or vicuna. The great thing is to have only the smallest edge of it showing. I know some men who have an inch or so of slip exhibited above the opening of the waistcoat, but this gives the appearance of wearing two vests at the same time and is not becoming.

The vest slip is a device for setting off the tie and waistcoat in the same manner as the collar sets off the face, and, in my opinion, there should only be a quarter of an inch showing round the top of the vest.

SUITABLE VESTS.

In the matter of fancy vests you should be very careful to see that the vest goes well with the suit.

For instance, a thin linen vest with a blue pattern in it looks well, I think, with a blue or grey suit. To wear it with a brown one is productive of an unpleasant effect.

So also in the matter of texture. It is unsuitable to wear a thin fancy vest with a rough tweed suit. For a suit of this pattern, the best fancy vest is a thick tattersall, or a knitted vest.

WASHING CLOTHES.

There comes a time in the life of a man's clothes when they are too shabby to be presentable. The shabbiness may not be due to age, in fact it is much oftener due to dirt, particularly in the case of the worker in cities, whose clothes soon become impregnated with the soot which loads the atmosphere.

The man who can afford to do so generally gives such a suit away. I don't wish to dry up the fount of charity, but my readers' interests are my first consideration, and I would point out that the discarded suit may in many instances be useful to its owner, for a considerable time after it has ceased to have that look of newness which the well dressed man likes to have about his clothes in town.

I am not going to suggest that you should send the old suit to a dry cleaner's. In most cases, as I have already hinted, dry cleaning is not very satisfactory; and, besides, there is the expense entailed—only a few shillings certainly, but these few shillings are a consideration in the case of an old suit which is not really worth very much.

I want you to send this suit, without hesitation and without instructions, to the family wash. Let it take its chance.

If the stuff is of good quality it will emerge without any change of colour. The chief difficulty will be that the stiffening here and there will have lost its hardness, and in consequence of this, the coat will to some extent have lost its shape. But this difficulty is a slight one, and in most cases can be remedied, if you will persuade one of your women folk to press the suit for you, when it is half dry, with a hot iron, keeping a damp towel between the iron and the cloth.

I don't suggest that such a suit is going to be fit for city wear, but remember that I do not advocate this treatment except in the case of a suit which has been discarded. The washed suit will smell fresh and will be fresh to put on, and it will come in useful for country walks, cycle rides, and on other occasions when you want to have clean clothes about you, but don't wish to be hacking out some suit which has to do its duty for town wear.

A washed suit may sound rather fearsome to the man who has never worn one. The term may suggest a general flabbiness of texture, but this should not exist if the suit has been pressed after washing in the manner I have suggested.

COLOUR IN MASCULINE ATTIRE.

One often hears a man complaining that he has no scope for indulging his taste in colour in his clothes, while a woman has practically a free hand.

The trouble with such a man is that he does not take advantage of those opportunities which he has.

In ties, waistcoats and socks, for almost everything except City wear, he can give his fancy free rein, but he will do well to see that the colours harmonise, especially if any of them is rather stronger than usual.

One is very apt, when putting on the various articles of clothing to forget that your taste in dress will be judged by your attire as a whole.

Even in the case of suitings a man has great opportunities for exercising his taste in colour.

For the coming season, for instance, the fashionable colour for light suits will be a grey-green shade, with stripes of olive green and mauve.

Even in evening dress, nowadays, some men about town are not satisfied to forego the use of colour. There are clothes made which contain a very faint blue or purple stripe, which is scarcely distinguishable from the black.

But I have known men—dandies, if you will—who even go in for evening coats of dark green, brown or blue, and in most cases the effect has been such as to make me wish that the fashion would become prevalent.

However, this is freak tailoring, and has little interest for the average man, who would need a good deal of brass, in more senses than one, before he could wear them.

A big purse and an unlimited amount of self-confidence are necessary before a man can depart very far from the beaten track in the matter of clothes.

TO WEARERS OF PUTTEES.

The puttee as a leg covering has many adherents.

Naturally so, for it is comfortable and warm, besides being cheap and almost everlasting.

The proper winding of a puttee, the careful turning at the back of the leg, is beyond the skill of the average civilian.

Ordinary puttees, however, are generally made of a length to allow for this turning, and consequently when the wearer simply winds them round and round his leg in spiral fashion he discovers that they are much longer than they need be, making his legs seem too fat for the length, and consequently spoiling his build.

Spiral puttees are made just the right length, but if you are going to wear ordinary puttees spiral fashion, you will be wise to cut off a foot or so from the end of each.

For horse riding the puttee has a slight disadvantage, as the tape which fixes it below the knee is apt to rub loose against the saddle. Those who wear puttees for riding might take a tip from the cavalry trooper, who wears his upside down, commencing to roll them at the knee, and fixing them with their tapes at the ankle.

Puttees worn in this way won't come loose with the hardest riding.

RAPID TAILORING.

The other day I received rather an unusual request from a reader; he even went to the expense of wiring it.

"Just had invitation to wedding," he informed me. "No clothes. Must have some by to-morrow. Wire tailor who will see me through."

I mention his case because the trouble is not an uncommon one and very few tailors will undertake to measure you and fit you the same day. I put him, however, on Ellis of the Strand, and this morning I have a note from him thanking me for the straight tip.

I sincerely trust that my old friend Ellis will not bring a libel action against me for emphasising his talents at rush work, for I have no desire to suggest that his qualifications are limited to speed. On the contrary, he can turn you out in a day as well as if he had had three fittings. I don't know how he manages it; that I suppose, is his secret, but he does it and thoroughly.

BREECHES STRAPS.

Wearers of breeches who have not had the opportunity of trying them on with the leggings they intend to wear with them, often find that though the tailor has carefully put a button at the back, to which the legging is to be fastened, it is altogether in the wrong place and is of no practical use at all.

In the circumstances the best thing to do is to cut the buttons off at once.

If you are lucky enough to have anyone capable and ready to sew them on again in the right place, well and good; but even then they will probably only be right for one pair of leggings, and you may want to change these occasionally.

Unless you are going to do some hard riding, it may not be necessary to fix the leggings to the breeches at all, but a good gallop will soon make the unfixed legging twist round.

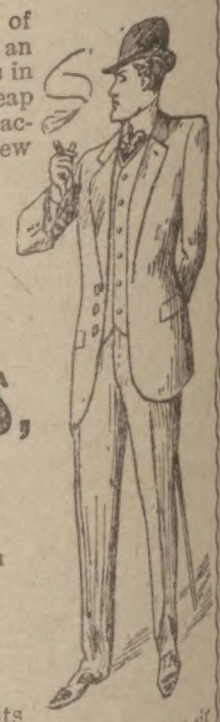
The best way out of the difficulty is to get a pair of breeches straps.

These can be procured from most saddlers—in either black or brown leather, for, of course, they should match the leggings—for eighteen-pence or less.

When these are run through the loop at the back, and strapped tightly round below the knee, the leggings will be kept securely in place.

Distinctive Tailoring

not only stamps the man of culture and taste, but is an indispensable asset to success in life. A cheap suit looks cheap from the start and becomes practically unwearable after a few months' use—it also denotes a 'cheap' man. Nothing creates a more favourable impression than smartly-cut and well-fitting clothes; and the attention given in this respect



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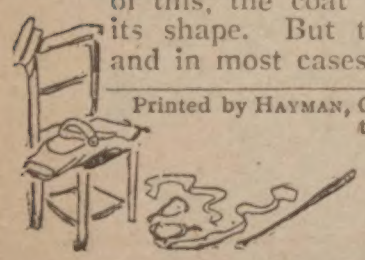

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold,

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Thanet House, Strand, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Grey Tweed Overcoat.—Suit tall slim man; excellent condition; 12s.—Box 52, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Dress Suit.—12s. 6d. Also navy Lounge; 10s. Both suit 40 in. chest, 5 ft. 8 in. Approval, deposit.—Box 53, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Fashionable Lounge Suit.—Indigo serge, scarcely worn, chest 37 in.; price 20s. Approval willingly.—Box 54, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Grey Frock Coat.—Lined satin; first class maker; excellent condition; cost 4 guineas, sell 25s.—Box 55, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Genuine Harris Tweed Overcoat.—Suit medium height; bought last December. What offers?—Box 56, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Riding Breeches.—Perfect condition; well known make; 10s.—Box 57, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Stylish Norfolk Suit.—Harris tweed; cost £3 15s.; sacrifice £1 1s.—Box 58, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Jacket and Vest.—Dark worsted, 5s. Two fancy waistcoats, 5s. Real bargains.—Box 59, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Clearing Wardrobe.—Two dress suits, two lounge, 3 pair trousers, Norfolk jacket, brown leggings. What offers?—Box 60, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Pair White Canton Breeches, by Tantz.—Fit 31 waist, 33 leg, 13½ calf. Exchange for good pair boxing gloves.—Apply, Box 44, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Officer's tin Uniform Case, second-hand, long enough to take sword.—Box 46, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Cycling Suit, good make, and in good condition; 36in. chest, 5ft. 7in.—Box 61, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Good Tweed Suit, light preferred, height 5ft. 9ins. chest 38in. Approval.—Box 62, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Dress Suit, cheap, for tall man, 5ft. 11in. Box 63, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London

SPORTING APPLIANCES.

Sandow Developer.—Hardly used, 7s.6d.—"F.," Royal Hotel, Cardiff.

Pair Cape Tan Boxing Gloves, ventilated palms, scarcely used, 7s. 6d.—Apply, Box 43, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Sandow's Developer.—Condition as new; 7s. 6d., or near offer.—Apply, Box 40, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Air-gun.—For birds or target; cost 23s. 6d.; offers invited; perfect order.—Apply Box 41, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Double Riding Bridle, Snaffle and Curb.—Fittings heavily silver-plated on nickel; 12s. 6d; or exchange for pedigree Fox Terrier, tan markings.—Apply, Box 42, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Good Pair Fencing Foils for sale; also Boxing Gloves and Football. Sell lot 10s.—Box 64, "The Modern Man, 231, Strand, London.

Set Golf Clubs (six), practically new; 21s.; approval willingly; dozen balls, 7s. 6d. Box 65, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted Cheap for Cash.—Grip Dumb-bells and Wrist Machine. Also books on Physical Culture.—Apply, Box 50, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Set of Golf Clubs and Bag; must be cheap.—Apply, Box 51, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Four Tennis Racquets, Net and Poles.—Box 76, "The Modern Man," 231 Strand, London.

Wanted.—Two 20-bore Hammerless Guns by reputed maker; must be in good condition.—Lowest cash price to Box 66, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Good Brown Canvas Gun Case, cheap.—Box 67, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

DOGS.

Fox Terrier Dog.—Well-bred, handsome, 22 months; evenly marked brown, head only; ratter, guard; £3.—"F.," Royal Hotel, Cardiff.

Spaniel.—Young, well-bred, fine condition. Any reasonable offer.—Box 70, "The Modern Man" 231, Strand, London.

Airedale Terrier for Sale.—Good colour, clean, and thoroughly reliable; 45s.—Box 71, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Black Retriever.—Short curly coat, very affectionate. What offers? Or would entertain exchange.—Box 72, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Good Brown Collie; used to children, and clean. Must be cheap for cash.—Box 73, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Young Brindle Bull-dog, good breed. Price and full details regarding pedigree, etc., to Box 74, "The Modern Man" 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Bull Terrier Pup. State age and price.—E. Morton, 19, Meersbrook Park Road, Sheffield.

HOBBIES.

Set Real Ivory Chessmen; worth five guineas; sell 30s.—Box 78, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Boat for Sale.—Equipped with portable tent and full rig-out for camping up river. Sell £12, or consider part exchange.—Box 79, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London,

Giving up Photography.—Lancaster ½-p. Stand, R.R. lens; magazine, hand, good make; daylight enlarger, and complete outfit: dishes, printing frames, books, etc., including good re-touching desk. Worth £15, take best offer.—Box 68, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

3-H.P. Triumph—Perfect condition, £18.—Stokes, 1, York Road, South Wimbledon.

A Splendid Whole-Plate Lens by Lerebour, Paris.—Cost £12; cash £4 10s. Exchange; offers invited.—"B.," 108, High Street, Nairn.

Rudge Whitworth Cycle for sale, with trailer; free wheel, inverted lever brakes, all latest improvements. What offers?—Box 84, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Good Zeiss Folding Pocket Camera, cheap.—All details to Box 69, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

BOOKS.

Passages from Modern English Poets, with etchings by the Junior Etching Club of 1861, including two by J. McNeil Whistler, one by Millais, one by John Tenniel, Stacey Marks, Henry Moore, etc., etc. What offers?—Adams, 19, Ryedale, Forest Hill Road, S.E.

Wanted.—Complete set of Harmsworth, or other Cyclopædia. Price not more than 18s. In good condition.—Box 45, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

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"Tunbridge Wellian" in digs desires interchanging week-end hospitality with genuine, warm-hearted fellow, London or neighbourhood. Walking, cycling, church on Sundays.—Box 39, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

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Good Fishing Centre.—Board-residence offered for two gentlemen in good sporting locality, Berkshire.—Particulars from Box 80, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Bournemouth.—Apartments or Board-residence; near sea and station; terms very moderate.—Mrs. Dawkins, "Comragh," York Road, Bournemouth.

Brighton reader would like to exchange "digs." with Londoner for one or two weeks in May or June.—Box 81, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Good "digs" in Lake District; near garage and post office.—Box 82, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Suite of Three Rooms in country farmhouse fifty miles out of town. Preferably close to golf links.—Terms, etc., to Box 83, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

GARDENING.

Wanted.—Second-hand Heating Apparatus for small greenhouse. Oil or coal. Must be in perfect condition and reasonable in price.—Apply, Box 36, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

TRADE.

Elementary Mathematics.—The Electrical School of Correspondence. Full course for two years next November, £2 2s.—Full particulars, W. Bates, Glen Terrace, Hebburn-on-Tyne.

Wanted.—To sell the Recipe of and Proprietary rights in a Liqueur, which can be manufactured at a very low cost; shows a good living profit.—Apply, Box 37, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale or Exchange.—Professor Inch's 2-Guinea Course of Physical Culture; also a fine-toned Mandoline and Tutor, labelled Signor de Mele, Italy.—Offers to "B.," 108, High Street, Nairn.

Auto-Strop Guinea Razor.—Practically new, 10s. 6d.—"F.," Royal Hotel, Cardiff.

Ballot Box in splendid condition and well made.—Shelves containing 600 balls numbered 1-3-5-7, &c.; inner top shelf with lid; box fitted with lock and key; cost nearly £3; only £1, or article to value of £1.—Apply, Box 39, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Set of 6 Sporting Prints.—Hunting subjects; 12in. by 20; Framed fumed oak. Offers.—Apply, Box 49, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Three-guinea Gramophone.—With 12 records, including Melba, Lauder and band selections; 30/-; or exchange for physical culture appliances.—Apply, Box 47, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

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Wanted.—No. 7 Remington or Barlock Typewriter in good working condition. Very lowest price and where seen, to C. B., 81, Breknock Road, N.

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